

December, 1938

The American Mercury



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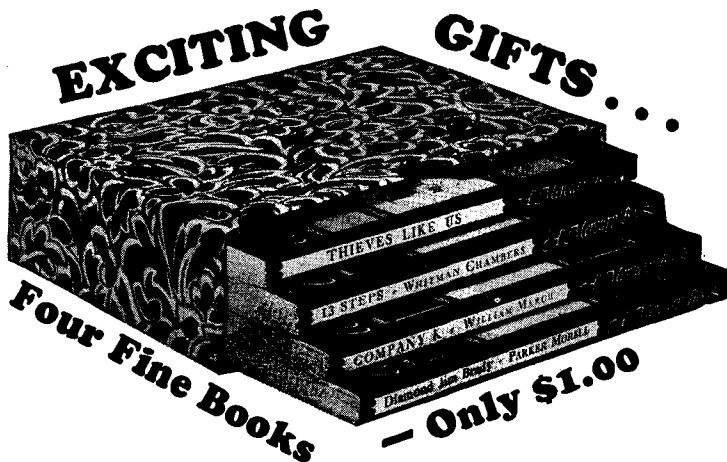
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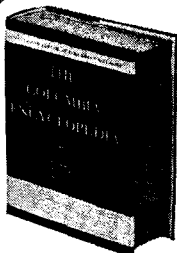
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The American MERCURY

THE CLASS WAR COMES TO AMERICA

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

KARL MARX gave the world the idea of Class War—and Franklin D. Roosevelt has given America the reality. The Marxist idea is a fight to the finish between the Capitalists and the Workers, the finish being that of the Capitalists. The Roosevelt reality is that of a fight between the Haves and the Have-Nots. Of course, Roosevelt is not the fundamental cause of this conflict; he is merely, for the moment, its successful instigator. The struggle, however, may be properly called the Roosevelt Class War just as the campaigns of another period are commonly referred to as the Napoleonic Wars. It calls for study and understanding rather than denunciation or expressions of regret. There is no use denouncing an epidemic.

Evidence of this struggle which is now taking place in our midst may be divided into the following three classes: first, Roosevelt's policies in respect to the re-distribution of wealth; second, the practical effects to date of these policies; third, analyses of public opinion according to economic class cleavages such as are being currently made by Dr. Gallup's *Institute of Public Opinion* and the magazine *Fortune*. The first two classes may be assumed to be well-known to everyone; but the third is comparatively new and warrants some explanation in detail.

The Gallup poll of last August on Roosevelt's popularity, assuming its sampling to have been fairly representative, showed conclusively the President's popular-

ity among the underprivileged and his unpopularity among the privileged. The *Fortune* poll, published in July, based on a somewhat different formula, gave substantially the same indication. In the Gallup poll, the Relievers were 14 per cent of the sample and they were 83 per cent for Roosevelt; persons who said they could live only a month or less without Relief, if they lost their jobs, were 31 per cent of the sample and they were 65 per cent pro-Roosevelt; while those able to get on without work or Relief from two to six months, making up 20 per cent of the sample, were 54 per cent pro-Roosevelt. Thus, some 65 per cent of the persons interviewed indicated that they are either on Relief, or less than six months removed therefrom, and that, in a substantial majority, they are for Roosevelt. Those able to get on for six months to two years without work or Relief, or 14 per cent of the sample, were only 46 per cent pro-Roosevelt; while the remaining 21 per cent, who estimated that they were able to keep the wolf more or less indefinitely from the door without Relief, were only 32 per cent pro-Roosevelt.

Economic class conflicts — and, even, civil war — are not novelties in American history; but class

cleavage along such lines as these is something definitely new. It has seemed in the past that the proper working of our Democracy requires that the poor should be politically divided over the economic interest-conflicts of the rich. For, once the poor catch the Marxist idea of getting aroused over their own economic interests as the poor, Democracy is on the rocks. This is indicated by the fact that our traditional opposition — the Democratic Party — had never, before Franklin D. Roosevelt appeared upon the scene, stood for the interests of the underdog. It did stand for the economic interests of the underdog region, the defeated South; but, in that region, before Roosevelt, it showed little solicitude for underdog number one, the negro, or underdog number two, the poor white. In the North, it is true, the Democrats drew most of their following from the lower classes; but the Tammany machine occupied itself with the troubles of the poor for the same reasons it protected gangsters like Dutch Schultz — it was a part of the means of livelihood of career Democrats in our Northern cities. Now, however — thanks to Mr. Roosevelt — all this is changed. Tammany is dead. (Long live the WPA!) The Dem-

ocratic Party today is the party of the Have-Nots and no longer a party dominated by conservative Southern gentlemen and grafting Tammany leaders.

The present class-consciousness, as it has developed under the New Deal, is essential to Class War To create class-consciousness, a social idea is as necessary as an economic situation. Marx's idea that the poor have a separate political interest as a class is the biggest political idea of the past hundred years. This idea is fully expressed in that brief but immortal pamphlet, *The Communist Manifesto*, calling on the workers (underdogs) of the world to unite and throw off their chains. It is this Marxist idea of Class War, rather than the Marxist system of Socialism, which has created Class War in this century and, more particularly, in this decade.

For it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the recent rise of American class-consciousness is solely due to hard times. Our farmers and unemployed on Relief today have a higher standard of living than the frontiersmen and pioneers who crossed the continent in covered wagons. But the underprivileged Americans of the Nineteenth Century had no such class-consciousness. The ideology of that age glorified hardship and preda-

tory individualism. The ideology of this age exalts ease and predatory collectivism. Instead of raiding the Federal Treasury and their brother Americans in the upper income brackets, the underprivileged Americans of the Nineteenth Century raided the Indians, the Mexicans, and a virgin continent. Those were the days of sound American Democracy.

Our farmers furnish the most impressive example of the new Class-War idea in practical operation. Formerly they, less than any other class, depended on public assistance. But today a given quantity of farm produce, a given investment in farm property, and a given amount of farm toil will buy only about two-thirds the quantity of finished goods it would buy before the war. Marx and Roosevelt have done the rest.

Labor, of course, had more Have-Not class-consciousness in pre-war days than agriculture; but it was never encouraged by the State as it has been since 1933 by the NRA and the Wagner Act. The idea of organizing labor into a class-conscious militant minority for political pressure was that of Marx. Its practical realization in America is the work of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Making all these Have-Nots class-conscious, and unifying them

under his leadership, have been the supreme feats of Roosevelt's political genius. Maintaining this unity is his task during the remainder of his term. Whether he succeeds at it or not, however, the class struggle, now fully launched, will go on, because favoring conditions, which are world-wide, will persist and because the Marxist ideological seed has taken root in good ground.

The conflict launched in America by Roosevelt is one of people, not principles; of minority-group pressures, not of abstractions; of human appetites, not of social theories. Hence, those Conservatives and Liberals now waging word-battles over verbalisms such as Liberty and Regimentation, Individualism and Collectivism, or Americanism versus Communism or Fascism, are like so many Don Quixotes tilting at windmills. They are ignoring the real battle — what Ortega y Gasset called the revolt of the masses — and they are getting all hot and bothered, along with Dorothy Thompson, over conflicts and issues which exist principally in their minds. They are equally misguided when they think of the New Deal as a social revolution, significant for its reforms. Now that reforms like the SEC, Social Security, the Wagner

Labor Act, and the latest Farm Relief Bill are on the books, many Conservatives think the revolution is about over. *The revolution has only just begun, and these so-called reforms are its least important features.* Any return to pre-1929 conditions is impossible, and peace on the basis of prevailing farm prices and unemployment equally so. A truce is being maintained by the New Deal by means of inflation and Relief for the farmers and the unemployed. This truce cannot last forever. The longer it lasts, the larger grows the public debt and the stronger the vested interest in Relief comes to be — and the more catastrophic the conflict will be unless it is averted by a new formula of national unity and discipline under Conservative leadership.

Roosevelt's success has been due partly to his freedom from one of the major faults of Marxist logic: namely, a failure to recognize that emotion rather than reason unites and activates people. A logical theory of self-interest such as Marx propounded for the proletariat lacks dynamic force by itself. It is like an engine without power-generating fuel. Class hate or race prejudice have dynamic force, as Roosevelt and Hitler so well understand. Marx's only really in-

fluent contribution, *The Communist Manifesto*, owes its power as an idea to its emotional appeal to class hate. Marx did not understand that logic is purely instrumental. Once people are united by their passions in a common enterprise, be it hate or greed, war or money-making, they will rationalize it by a theory that it is logically in their best interests. Roosevelt inflames American passions to class war, while the Marxist theory leaves them cold.

Marx had the vision to see the dynamic possibilities of class cleavage between the rich and the poor. He saw that the Have-Nots would be an overwhelming majority if united. He dreamed of uniting them with Hegelian logic. Roosevelt is doing it with Farleyan political technique, aided by gifts of twenty billion dollars. The Roosevelt formula for stirring up Class War is not universal, and it may very well be breaking down right now. That, however, is most unimportant. The fact remains that it has advanced the Class War to date. This is why the Communists have at last come to endorse the New Deal; this is why John Strachey, Communist intellectual number one, in his latest book, sings Roosevelt's praises and calls on the faithful to support him.

Without being a Communist, Roosevelt has done more to advance the class struggle than lifelong Socialists such as Ramsay MacDonald, twice premier of Great Britain, and Leon Blum, twice premier of France.

In the face of this revolutionary achievement it is puerile to talk about such minor and irrelevant matters as the Constitution and its violations, or the Budget and its deficits, as being the major problems of the hour. Most Conservatives still think of politics as a game. *They have not awakened to the fact that it is now a war.* In war, as all military manuals teach in chapter one, the purpose is to destroy the enemy. There is a considerable difference between being beaten at a game and destroyed in a war — as our Conservatives are going to find out.

II

What is to be done about the Roosevelt Class War by those whom it has marked for eventual liquidation? They should try to stop the war, rather than fight it out. The Haves may win many battles, but they cannot win the war. Private fortunes cannot escape confiscation by progressive income and inheritance taxes, and private

enterprise cannot indefinitely buck hostile government regulation and competition, as the owners of railway and public-utility securities should understand only too well. The Have-Nots may also lose their present advantages, but that will be no comfort for the Haves who will have lost everything—including, possibly, their lives.

At this point it will naturally occur to many to remark that the Haves cannot be expected not to defend themselves. The answer is that they cannot defend themselves by fighting the Class War and that it takes two to make a war. To stop the Class War by refusing to accept Roosevelt's challenge, or that of some subsequent demagogue, to a battle on his chosen terrain would not be cowardly. It would be the part of wisdom to follow the old adage, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em". Here the people to join are not the New Dealers but the Have-Nots.

Without a substantial number of the Have-Nots, no governing majority is today possible in America. If the Haves would save their skins, they must make common cause with a sufficient number of the Have-Nots to achieve a political majority. Let the Haves—the Conservatives—say to the Have-Nots—the unemployed, the

farmers, the organized workers, and the growing army of over twenty million insecure persons now demanding social security—"We are with you, not against you, in your attempt to get more. You can get more if you co-operate with us than if you fight us". This proposal, of course, must be sincere and accompanied by appropriate evidences of good faith. People asking for bread must not be offered the Constitution or a guarantee of liberty as a substitute.

Ways and means or economic programs need not concern us here. The broad alternatives are the things to consider. Shall the Haves continue to oppose the demands of the social revolution now in progress, as they have been doing, or shall they unite with the Have-Nots in their quest after Utopia? To assert that there is no such place as Utopia, and that the quest is contrary to sound principles, is wholly beside the point, however true the assertion may be. It is immaterial whether the quest of the Have-Nots is right or wrong, sound or unsound, attainable or not. The questions are: can the Conservatives stop it? And, if not, what will happen to them if they persist in futile opposition? It is preferable to lead a futile quest rather than be destroyed by it.

Just now, especially in view of Roosevelt's defeats in many local elections, the Conservatives are deluding themselves with vain hopes. The essence of their self-deception is wishful thinking from certain data of New Deal difficulties which they mistakenly find encouraging. Signs are not lacking that all is not harmony in the ranks of the Have-Nots. *But it does not follow that a pendulum swing back to normalcy is about due.* Because the members of a band of thieves fall out and fail to agree on the division of their booty, it does not mean that they will abandon crime as impractical and turn into honest citizens as the only feasible alternative. Many groups of the Have-Nots resent the smallness of their hand-out from Washington and the largeness of the hand-out of another minority. This resentment, rationally considered, holds no encouragement for the Conservatives. It does not mean that doles, subsidies, and Relief for Have-Not minorities are soon to be abandoned; it merely means bigger and better log-rolling in the good old-fashioned American, Democratic way.

The resentment of subsidy-receivers is often rationalized by appeals to the Constitution, orthodox economics, and good old American

traditions. This is funny—but by no means encouraging to Conservative hopes. A farmer who insists that ~~the~~ Government buy his cotton at a price well above the market, will lay down the law on how organized labor should be forced to sell in an open shop. He will denounce minimum-wage legislation and unemployment Relief, which raise taxes, as uneconomic and contrary to the American system. He is entirely right. Only he forgets to add that the Government subsidies he demands and gets are no less so. He will protest against crop control as an invasion of his personal liberty, yet insist on the government's using the tax power to maintain for his product an artificially high price at the expense of consumers. This type of pious fraud is the white hope of many Conservatives and anti-New Dealers. So also is the business man who cannot live without high tariff protection or RFC loans, but who says he believes in economic freedom and keeping the Government out of business. The Conservatives might as well recognize once and for all that, under a Democracy, Government subsidies cannot be given to certain groups and denied to others with the voting strength of the ten million unemployed, the six to eight million in organized

labor, the eleven million agriculturally employed, or the twenty-one million Americans over fifty, most of whom have votes and most of whom are in want without a State pension.

Most of the subsidy-seeking minorities are innocent of political or economic doctrines. They are imbued with reverence for traditional symbols like the Constitution, the Supreme Court, and all the so-called sound doctrines, which they do not understand. Roosevelt made a great mistake in attacking their most revered symbol, the Supreme Court. But their cherished hand-outs from Washington are to most of them matters of life-and-death. The fact that their demands conflict with their principles may be amusing, but is otherwise unimportant. Nothing is more normal in human conduct than inconsistency.

Conservative hopes founded on Roosevelt's frustrations, failures, and prospects of elimination are wishful thinking. He has done his job; he has started the Class War in America. Leaders who start Class Wars usually do not end them. Lloyd George started the Class War in England between 1909 and 1911, and he and his party are now politically dead. The Tories have been smart enough to

follow the advice I am now giving the American Conservatives. For the time being, at least, the Tories have stopped the Class War in England by espousing most of the economic objectives of the masses, the chiefest of which is a job or a Dole. Roosevelt lacks a sure-fire emotional formula, like that of the now-great European dictators, for unifying and disciplining the masses. And, unlike the British Conservatives, he has not those eminently conservative and efficient symbols of mass manipulation, the King, the Empire, and the Church to exploit in attempts to unify and direct the masses. Inter-minority and inter-personality conflicts, as well as regionalism and traditionalism, may prove too much for the magic of Roosevelt's superb radio voice and his Boy-Scout, settlement-house-worker type of idealism. But the failures of his idealism and his appeals for the arrant absurdity of a farmer-labor united front are no triumphs for Conservatism. Roosevelt does not seem to know that while agriculture and labor may be united by patriotism, racism, or religion, they can never be united by economic self-interest. In California, Roosevelt's failure to put over McAdoo, a life-long Conservative and successful money-

maker, was the victory of a crackpot proposal to pay thirty dollars a week to all unemployed persons over fifty — not a triumph of Conservatism. In Maine the Republican candidates openly supported the Townsend Plan. Elsewhere defeats of Roosevelt stooges have been victories of personalities and regional interests, rather than Conservative interests or ideas. But when these strong political personalities and regional interests, each aggressively pursuing self-interest, get together in Washington, they are not likely to butter any Conservative parsnips.

Roosevelt has been riding the underprivileged minorities successfully. Many Conservatives believe that his upset will solve their problems. They are wrong. If Roosevelt loses his leadership of the Have-Nots, which is not unlikely, and if it is not immediately captured by an adequate Conservative, two sequels are likely: The first is a period of minority-group anarchy in public administration such as is chronic in France and such as produced Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany, and the present civil war in Spain. The next sequel might be

the emergence of dictatorship as the only formula of order and discipline and the only alternative to chaos.

The Conservatives cannot save themselves by following the formula of "Divide and rule". The present economic system requires co-operation among the Have-Not minorities. You can divide and rule only if your Have-Nots are disfranchised and autocratically controlled, as the Indians are by the British.

The Conservatives can save themselves only if they stop the Class War by capturing the leadership of the social revolution of the Have-Nots, as their British Tory cousins have done with such skill. This, however, our Conservatives will probably not do, as it would be logically in their self-interest, and as it is not in accord with their present emotional state. Human nature is emotional rather than rational and, when aroused to anger, as our Conservatives are, may act suicidally against the logic of self-interest. Thus wars and revolutions are normal recurrences, and thus flourishing civilizations decline and fall. History is full of good drama and poor logic.

U. S. A.: THE AGGRESSOR NATION

By FLETCHER PRATT

ONE of the strangest of American national characteristics is the official horror with which we regard the use of violence in international disputes — when we ourselves have never shown the slightest sign of foregoing such means in attaining our own ends. Let any nation suggest to another that unregulated questions lie between them, and immediately its Washington embassy is bombarded with tons of letters and its New York consulate picketed by wild-eyed mobs. Let fighting break out in Ethiopia, China, or Spain, and our newspapers burst into printer's-ink indignation worthy of a second crucifixion. We "outlaw war" and describe ourselves as a race of pacifists — and so doing, turn our backs not only on our own history but on our obvious national emotional characteristics.

For, on its record, even on its recent record, the United States stands forth as the most successfully pugnacious, the most unreasonably violent power in the history of the world. A recent com-

pilation shows that the bugles have blown us to battle something like 150 times since the foundation of the Republic, almost once for every year of our national existence. Only twice in all these conflicts have we been on the defensive, in the sense that territory indisputably the property of the United States has been invaded. In over 100 of the 150 cases our fighting men have entered territory indisputably belonging to the enemy, and, in well over 90 per cent of the wars, have made a dictated peace. The record is not equaled by the France of Louis XIV, by the Roman Empire, by the Mongols of Genghis Khan, or still less by the Germany of Herr Adolf Hitler.

Nor is this martial spirit confined to a prehistoric and slightly disreputable past. It rumbles beneath the increasing talk about building the Nicaragua canal now (if the Nicaraguans don't like the idea we'll beat their ears down); it speaks out clearly in the governmental announcement that American ships will sail the Yangtze

whether there is a war going on there or not (just try to stop us!); and it produces such coincidences as that of August 7. On that date the press carried news of Secretary Hull's demand that Mexico arbitrate a question arising under her domestic laws. In parallel columns was a report of the monster mass meeting held by the American League for Peace and Democracy, at which a speaker was uproariously applauded for hoping "for the day when we can send guns, bombs, and airplanes against Fascism in any country". A few of the papers furnished the connecting link with editorials denouncing the present government of Mexico as in fact Fascist. The clash in terms is as sharp as that achieved by the British ministry which reported to Parliament that the frontiers of India were being pacified by "humane bombings".

A century or more ago this divergence between theory and practice did not exist. Henry Clay whipped the country toward the War of 1812 with speeches about the coming glorious conquest of Canada, without drawing a single cat-call from the gallery. Later, only a few hyper-acid anti-slavery men suggested that military renown and the acquisition of Western lands were inferior motives for

fighting the Mexicans. That it is now necessary to preface an invitation to go beat somebody up by the assertion of a high and holy principle, and to re-examine the past for evidence of noble purposes that would have surprised the old land pirates — that this is necessary may be proof of an improvement in the international morality of Americans. But it is far more likely to demonstrate nothing save an improvement in the technique of self-hypnotism, or a change in standards of value from the concrete to the abstract. In Dan'l Boone's day it was glorious and moral to kill your neighbor for the sake of his garden, provided only that he had a brown skin. In our own it is becoming increasingly moral and glorious to kill him for the sake of his politics, provided only that he wears a brown shirt.

The question is not and cannot be wholly one of international morals; there are no morals in the acts of international politics, only points of view. The dangerous and disgraceful thing is to sneer at your neighbor for what you yourself do with no better reason. For one thing, it makes him hate and fear you to the point of inviting reprisal. (One wonders how much Franco-German friendship has been advanced by those posters

with which France has been littered during the last three elections — “We have been invaded across the Rhine five times in a hundred years” — not mentioning the fact that four of these five invasions were the reflexes of initial French marches into Germany.) It makes him hate and fear you, does not do much good to your own moral fibre, sets you living in an unreal world, and subjects even honest actions to destructive criticism.

The world has come to regard Americans as its choicest race of hypocrites; and it has abundant justification for such a view. In the list of violent and dishonest acts of which we, the maiden-aunts of the globe, have accused the military dictatorships there is not one of which we ourselves are innocent. Our newspapers, our preachers, our Liberal weeklies, the whole Uplift interest, charge against Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, seven specific immoral acts, in various permutations:

- 1) Unilateral repudiation of treaties.
- 2) Dragooning of small neighbors by violence or the threat of it.
- 3) Warlike intervention in the affairs of neighboring nations, leading up to unprovoked aggressive war.
- 4) Undeclared war.
- 5) Irresponsible mob violence against peaceful citizens on the score of their race.
- 6) Officially countenanced violence (in peace) against same on the score of their beliefs.
- 7) Violence against non-combatants in war.

Let us see how many of these same charges can reasonably be brought against the U. S. A., and can be supported by the evidence of history.

II

On the day Hitler marched into the Rhineland in defiance of the Versailles treaty, for instance, Dorothy Thompson, a representative newspaper columnist, became so morally indignant that she was all for declaring war at once. We could never again sleep quietly in our beds, said she, while there remained in the world a power which thus violated its solemn engagements; and she was echoed with approval by dozens of other commentators. But if the one-sided repudiation of treaties had always in the past been made an excuse for general war we would have been the first to feel its edge. In 1869 the United States, as the result of arbitration, signed a number of instru-

ments fixing our jurisdiction over coastal waters at three miles from shore. When Prohibition came in, long before the Rhineland question, we unilaterally tore up these scraps of paper, claimed twelve miles, sank ships, and shot men well outside the limits accorded us by treaty.

Nor is this any more than a mild case (involving the lives of just a few foreigners) of a practice which is one of the most persistent in our history. The whole of that great process known as the Winning of the West, never contemplated by our historians without unalloyed admiration, was conducted across the corpses of prostrate treaties. Two of the many instances may be given. First, the very treaty that established the independence of the colonies provided for the protection of the Indians within their lands in the Northwest Territory, and this was reinforced by treaties with the tribesmen themselves. Our people violated these treaties to make settlements on lands that did not belong to them, and our government violated them to make a straight-out war of invasion for the possession of those lands. The war, which ended in American victory, was closed with treaties assigning new boundaries and providing for the punishment of citi-

zens of both parties who committed acts of aggression against individuals of the other race. It has been estimated that in the succeeding fifteen years some seventy-five Indians were murdered by whites. Not one of the murderers was ever brought to trial. The boundary treaties were violated as a matter of course; and the magnificent victory of Tippecanoe was won by an American army that marched into Indian lands at a time of peace. When it was over, the Indians' homes and crops were burned, their women and children turned out into the woods in the Winter.

Second, the report of the Congressional committee which investigated the matter of the Georgia lands in 1822 makes very pretty reading for Americans who talk about the sanctity of international commitments. After complaining that the central government had permitted certain Indians to live on their own lands there, it continues: "The Government must abandon its policy of civilizing the Indians and keeping them on their lands and must negotiate such new treaties as may be necessary to extinguish all Indian title to land within Georgia." A commission was sent down to take care of the matter. It got a few minor chiefs drunk, persuaded

them to affix their crosses to a document signing away all the Indian lands within the State and then sent troops to turn the rascals out. There was a nice little war, concluded in a satisfactory manner by the extermination of most of the Indians, at the conclusion of which the governor of Georgia reported without the slightest attempt at irony, that the Indians seemed "*unable to understand the character of a treaty engagement*".

Our treatment of the Indians has, however, been to some extent moralized by time. Notwithstanding the fact that an Indian's life and little possessions may be as valuable to him as Prof. Sigmund Freud's to that distinguished dream-doctor, civilization has never regarded itself as bound by its rules in dealing with barbarians. It is permissible to raise their cultural level, even while killing them in the effort—a sophistical argument which, though not doing our own honesty much good, may for the moment be accepted because so many of the Uplift boys do accept it. "I was for the Italians in Ethiopia; I am against the Italians in Spain," says Herbert Matthews, one of the best morality-howlers on the list; and the rage of our overnight moralists has not been so much directed against German ac-

tions in Tanganyika and Tsingtao, as against German action in Austria and Sudetenland. Well, suppose then we place the whole question on this basis. Suppose we eliminate the whole black and bloody story of the drive on the Indians, with its murders, bad faith, and debauchery (it is curious to hear descendants of the men who fed firewater to the braves complaining that the Japanese are in the opium business in Manchukuo). Suppose the American record be considered from the point of view of a Presbyterian dominie who feels that acts of war are not crimes unless visited upon peoples of approximately the same level of culture, although from an absolute ethical standpoint no such supposition is permissible. Suppose all this: and we come out of the comparison with more and weightier charges against us than any totalitarian power, more than all of them put together.

An Italian filibustering expedition entered Fiume, did it, in defiance of international treaties, and annexed the place to the mother country? So did American promoters engineer the formation of an independent Republic of Panama to "lease" us canal rights—with American warships riding offshore to see nothing went

wrong and American bullets on-shore killing off some of the local talent. So Soviet Russia compelled the Georgians of the Caucasus to join her under a constitution they disliked and distrusted? Just so did the other twelve original States dragoon Rhode Island into the Union. And Stalin puts the heat on racial minorities within the orbit of Russian power? Well, so do we on the Porto Ricans, so did we in the Philippines during three years of a bloody war. German Nazis helped their sister party in Austria till there was nothing for the unhappy country to do but to commit hara-kiri; and the same Nazis stirred up the men of their own race within Czechoslovak-Sudetenland to agitate for union with Germany. American editorial writers have been deeply shocked—"irresponsible violence", "power politics run mad", "national megalomania" are a few phrases from recent editorials on the subject—but one will search in vain for such language in the works by American historians which are used to condition the youth of the country for their part in the next great moral adventure by describing the glorious manner in which we acquired Texas and Hawaii. Says Prof. Muzzey:

Mexico had insulted our flag, plun-

dered our commerce, imprisoned our citizens, lied to our representatives and spurned our envoys. To be sure we were a strong nation and Mexico a weak one, but weakness should not give immunity to continued and open insolence.

Read "Czechoslovakia" for "Mexico", transfer the possessive pronouns to Berlin, and this might be yesterday's release from Herr Goebbels' press bureau. What difference there is in the cases lies in favor of Germany. The Sudetens were made foreigners by a treaty in which they had no voice. The Americans groaning under a foreign yoke in Texas went there under their own power; received from the local government 175 acres each of free land apiece, with admission to all the privileges of citizens and exemption for six years from all their obligations, including taxes; and the lost brothers were reunited with the United States after a war which began with American troops being pushed farther into Mexico than their utmost claim.

The three cases of Panama, Texas, and the Spanish War are the most prominent of those in which we meddled in our neighbors' business and came out with our hands full of territorial profits. The morality of the last two was so bad that even our school his-

torians have not always been able to gloss the matter over, and there has been an effort to place the affairs on another ground. "In a hundred years Spain had brought less than 3000 colonists into Texas," says one widely-used school history, "while in a single decade over 13,000 Americans crossed the borders." Now this is the dangerous argument that territorial grabs are the product of natural causes, which does not sound so very good when the Japanese use it to justify their sweep into the Asiatic mainland and toward the Indies.

The matter has some importance, for population pressure has been used as an argument by not a few of our holier-than-thou boys, who are willing to grant the Japanese case, provided they can use it as a platform to scold the other dictatorships for sabre-rattling not in the fulfillment of some inevitable national necessity but for prestige, as Italy cowed Greece (the Corfu incident) and the Nazis, Poland. Unfortunately, so far as we are concerned this is only another case of short memory. Twice within the last fifty years American fleets have been mobilized to force European powers to accept our arbitrament of differences between them and Latin American republics; thrice within twenty-five years

European embassies have arrived for discussions with Caribbean nations to find the American Marines had landed and were doing the negotiating.

III

There remains one complaint against the international conduct of the dictator powers, perhaps the heaviest of all—that they make war in peace, by means of volunteers or actual expeditions into foreign countries. I am afraid that Americans are on very poor ground when they complain of this. There are statues all over the country to men who did exactly what Russians, Germans, and Italians in Spain are now condemned for doing; the names of a few are Steuben, Kosciuszko, and Lafayette. In fact, if it were not for those foreign "volunteers" — our papers put the word in quotation marks when speaking of the Blackshirts in Spain — we should certainly celebrate the birthday of His Majesty, King George VI instead of the Fourth of July. Yet the French who came over here (by no means all of them willingly) and who are now treated with such universal respect in admiration, were doing just what the Black Arrows did in Spain—that is, they furnished a nu-

cleus of trained soldiery to what was largely an armed mob; and they helped us in a revolt against a government far more legitimately installed, far less dangerous to its subjects, than the one against which Franco rose.

Nor is this the only case when foreign "volunteers" have made their appearance in American history. The very phrase "banana revolution", now so much a part of the language, is evidence of our national capacity for sending troops, money, and supplies to mix in other people's quarrels without a declaration of war. A brief and probably incomplete compilation shows that American armed forces have invaded nations below the Rio Grande eight times in a hundred years, always without any declaration of war and usually with considerable fighting as a result. The defense has been urged that the Monroe Doctrine has converted Latin America into a kind of United States game preserve where only we may go when there is shooting to be done. Ethically it has no more foundation than the reasons urged in justification of our robbing and murdering the Indians; but even if it had we are not exempt. American guns spilled foreign blood in Japan in 1869; in China on many occasions; in

Africa, and even in Sumatra. In the 1850s there lived on the last-named island a sultan named Po Mahomet, who happened to dislike Americans, much as the Spanish Reds cherish an unfriendly view of Germans. An American ship came to his shores, just as the cruiser *Deutschland* recently appeared off the coast of Spain. As in the case of the *Deutschland*, several of the crew were killed; and just like the Germans, the Americans sent a powerful force to the nearest point of Po Mahomet's territory and shelled hell out of it. Here the analogy ends; the Germans steamed away from Almeria, but the Americans sent a landing party ashore which killed two hundred or more persons, burned the town, and blew up the forts. One case was a well-justified punitive expedition, we are told, the other an outrage on humanity. But wherein lies the difference?

Essentially the whole thing is a moral question. The acts themselves are Tweedledum and Tweedledee; there is no difference between Andrew Jackson invading Florida and Adolf Hitler invading Austria, between Boone and Badoglio, between Dole in Hawaii and Deihara in Manchuria. It is only when the motive, the morality of the motive, is considered that the

comparison can be made to favor the United States. We may have taken territory and dragooned peoples, but we have done it to give them the priceless benefits of Democracy — this is the argument.

Now leaving aside the fact that, to an intelligent Fascist, Democracy does not appear as a benefit, have we conducted our internal affairs in a manner that gives us any ethical right to complain of the way in which the totalitarian States have conducted theirs? We have not. As many racial murders as the Nazis have had since they came into power, it is doubtful whether, all told, they equal the total of lynchings in the United States. We are told that Germany has a press censorship that keeps many such cases from making the papers; but what else have we while over large sections of the country “nigger murders ain’t news” unless accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity? The exclusion of Jews from schools, businesses, and professions except as dealing with their own race is exactly paralleled by our own treatment of our racial minorities — not only negroes, but the Orientals of the West as well.

Even leaving the race question out of it, it is doubtful if we stand on any better basis. It would be difficult to find more perfect exam-

ples of the mistreatment of minorities of the same name and race (certainly the Fascist drive against the Communists is no better) than what Americans did to American Tories in the years just following the Revolution, or to American Mormons in New York and Illinois. Our historians plead a certain amount of justification but, unfortunately for them, on exactly the same grounds the totalitarian powers use for their treatment of political minorities — namely that Tories and Mormons constituted enclaves within the State, psychologically out of step with it and by their internal unity dangerous to it.

Not even the most frequent justification of our belligerent habits will stand up under examination — that Americans do their fighting in a more humane manner than other races. We are usually taught that this is so; that the two striking exceptions from the Civil War — Sheridan in the Shenandoah and Sherman in Georgia — were forced by sheer military necessity. Again this is an argument we do not recognize as valid on the lips of others (the Germans offered it for the unrestricted submarine campaign and we went to war to prove them wrong); and it fails to account for many other cases. There was no particular military necessity for

the destruction of Chambersburg in the Civil War, and no necessity at all for the massacre, after they had surrendered, of a regiment of negro soldiers at Fort Pillow. It was a plain case of shooting prisoners, the thing all our pious pastors scream about when it happens in Spain. Retaliation — that is, sheer barbarity — was the only military necessity behind the trips of American bombing squadrons to lay explosive eggs on the unprotected cities of Stuttgart and Karlsruhe during every moonlight night of September and October, 1918. (Is it moral to bomb German women and children to death, but fiendish to do the same thing over Barcelona?) It was an enormously clever trick to try "bandits" during the Philippine Insurrection by court martial, shoot them, and bury the bodies with pigs, which to those Mohammedans meant eternal defilement. But it was a terroristic trick, just the type of trick peace societies here circulate petitions about. And, finally, the food blockade, which starves a whole population, fighters or non-combatants, is

a pure American invention, developed during the Civil War and later applied with great success against Spaniards and Germans.

In short, by whatever route the question is approached, the result is the same. We have been guilty of everything we charge against those nations we happen to dislike at the moment, and of a few things they haven't yet thought of. Nor is there any sign that we are improving; if some whirl of population were to place three-and-a-half million Americans in the Mexican state of Chihuahua tomorrow, the papers would be full of stories of their oppression on the next day, and on the day after we would all be marching off under flying banners to force the cession of a district which was really American.

That, then, is the historical story of American national morality. In considering it we might bear in mind the fact that nobody loves a hypocrite. Some day we may have to pay the price of dishonesty. "I tremble for my country," said Thomas Jefferson once, "when I reflect that God is just."



PICTURE MAGAZINES AND MORONS

By J. L. BROWN

IF A MAN labored to fashion machines calculated to deprive him of his livelihood, privacy, intelligence, and even his very life, he would be labeled mad. Yet this is precisely what mankind has been engaged in doing of late. With the instruments which fall into the first and last categories above — the machines of industry and the engines of war — we do not propose to deal here; of them we have heard and will hear plenty. But of the infernal contraption which, alone, threatens to transform man into a species of goldfish, by exposing his private life, loves, and scandals to public view, and render him brainless by removing the necessity for thought, there has been too little appraisal.

Perhaps this is because the machine is inoffensive-looking; because it does not make frightening noises, nor belch forth flame. It is operated by pressing a bulb or a button, or by turning a simple crank. Even children can manage it — and do. For this machine is, in plain words, the camera. "One

picture is worth ten thousand words", a much-abused Chinese proverb tells us. Now, with the popularity of the movies, tabloid newspapers, and picture magazines the true significance of Oriental wisdom threatens really to dawn on us. The evidence indicates that mankind is well on the way backward to a language of pictures. Probably nothing much can be done about it, but it may prove revealing to trace the steps in this phase of man's "Progress".

Paleolithic Man started it. Cudgeling his savage brain for some way of communicating with his fellows other than by guttural sounds, he first carved pictures in the sand or on stone. Later he devised ingenious characters and thus, slowly, the written, civilized languages of man evolved — slowly, indeed, for the ability to read and understand words instead of pictures required some concentration, and this fact was almost sufficient to condemn it. In every step of the process the preference for the happy, ignorant state resisted change; education al-

ways had to be made compulsory in order to ensure the mob of some schooling. Yet, despite the billions expended for this purpose, most human beings remain as they desire to be—ignorant. The last war, for example, proved that the mental age of American adults was in the neighborhood of twelve. Thus it is hardly surprising that mankind's literary heritage, distilled from the sweat and genius of the race, continues to be ignored by the multitudes.

Acting upon this antipathy of most humans to thought, inventive minds, eyes glued to the main chance, have in recent years experimented with more sensational methods of displaying pictures than the ancient man ever conceived. The early lantern slides evoked the first wide interest, for here at last was an attempt by brains to cater to people's real tastes. By the inevitable process of improvement motion pictures were achieved, and the mob willingly stood ten deep in lines several blocks long to express its emphatic approval of them, and at the same time bestow its spare change on an assorted group of ex-buttonhole makers, ex-hoboes, and toothsome adventuresses. But in time even the movie marijuana threatened to pall on all save the most confirmed ad-

dicts—not the least of the reasons for this being that the flickering films were not pure, unalloyed pictures. They required sub-titles and other reading matter which required concentration of a sort. So, in answer to the dictates of the majority and the prayers of the magnates, came the talkies, whereby man is now able to partake, through half-open eyelids and while in a delicious state of half-slumber, of heavenly delights without reading or thinking at all. Here indeed was an opiate to rival the legendary hasheesh.

But even so the human mind had not yet reached the nadir. This place of distinction was reserved for mankind's crowning achievements, the picture publications. Eliminating such isolated phenomena as the old-time *Police Gazette*, the tabloid newspapers came first. Their genius consisted in discerning what the mob wanted, then feeding it in great gulps. On the theory that, since the majority won't or can't read, the tabloids offered pictures, and their circulations climbed to unbelievable heights. Hordes of people who never ruffle the pages of a book devour with fierce interest the pictures of sex and death which the tabloids print as news. The average man is the average tabloid

reader, which is, of course, the chief reason why both remain average.

It is well to note, in the tabloids, what goes on in the spaces intended for thought-provoking material. The best evidence, naturally, is found in the reader forums consecrated to the letters of tabloid devotees, and we offer, to sum up, three typical letters which need no comment:

So Madge thinks her red-headed boy friend is the tops? Well, she better keep her eyes glued on him because I had one once, and did he two-time me? Dunt esk. HEARTBROKEN LULU

Loretta Cirella, besides committing various crimes and knifing a lot of people, where do you Italians get off stating that an Irishman is not qualified to be Pope? If it were possible for the Almighty Himself to make a selection, we feel confident he would choose an Irishman for Pope.

THREE IRISH GIRLS

My prediction is that Brooklyn will win the pennant with Mungo taking twenty-eight games and Phelps batting over .370. And we are going to beat the Yankees in the World Series, too.

MARIO JOHN COMELLA

II

Even more obvious than the tabloids as a step backward, are the magazines devoted to photographs, most of which enjoy fabulous circulations and all of which strive for increasingly sensational exposés of *homo sapiens*. Exhibit

A, of course, is *Life*, first of the host of picture magazines and one of the minor miracles of the day. In the beginning one could hardly buy or steal a copy of *Life*, so great was the demand, and it became generally accepted that picture magazines were a great advance. Newsstand operators assumed hard-boiled attitudes, hardly deigning to honor requests for copies with a reply — one ought to know better than to ask for cherries in March. The first issues of *Life* called forth such overwhelming expressions of approval, duly publicized by the delighted editors, that it is amusing to quote samples. After that we can look into the magical pages to see what evoked such extraordinary enthusiasm. At any rate, messages like these poured into *Life* from every part of the country:

Life is stupendous! Your magazine ought to sweep the country. Your subscribers ought to number millions.

Life is great. My arm is sore writing to relatives and friends to get it.

My two daughters of school age call it marvelous. My husband looks it over and over.

I don't give a darn when Television arrives.

This is the first letter I've ever written. My summation: THRILLING!

My four children practically fought over it.

I think *Life* is a Wow! America should be proud of such a contribution to arts and letters.

But the most super-colossal praise, naturally, came from Hollywood. Telegraphed that erudite movie-queen, Ginger Rogers:

Life almost makes pictures move and talk.

So much for indications of the immediate hit *Life* made with the public. Now, by dissecting a few typical issues of the same period, we find the following subjects immortalized: a cock fight; the man who balanced 3584 matches on beer bottles; a fur-lined teacup; scenes from the movie-of-the-week; the Lindy Hop; where the Nine Old Men eat lunch; the Wahoo Boy; the private life of Darryl Zanuck; how a wife should *not* undress; how a wife *should* undress; Jimmy Durante's nose; the man who lives off fleas; Lindy Hoppers again; aft view of a hippo; the newest movie queen; models displaying corsets; ping-pong; the life story of Joan Crawford; Steve Hannagan's girls; women taking baths; the Raynham Hall ghost; more ping-pong; Britain's noble beauties; attorney firing questions at a witness while lying on the floor; Hollywood's attempts to make a he-man of Robert Taylor. . . .

Life's rivals were not far behind

it in circulation and sensational enterprise. Its closest competitor was, and is, *Look* — a fitting title for a magazine aimed at a public afflicted with adult infantilism — which was unveiled at about the same time as *Life*, and whose publishers blandly confessed:

We concluded . . . to try to develop a "picture language" that would interest millions. . . . The language of ideas has always belonged to a small stratum of individuals. . . . Our experiments convince us that nearly every kind of story can be told in pictures with very little type.

It might be observed that cave men had the same idea, but that was a long, long time ago.

Look's first issue of 400,000 copies was a sell-out; its second sold over a million, and the circulation is now alleged to be somewhere around a million and a half. Since then, in less than two years, thirteen picture magazines have entered the field. Their combined circulation is put at the enormous total of 16,000,000. *Life* at one time enthusiastically reported that its own "natural" sale would approximate 7,000,000 copies a week, but while it has not yet managed to reach such ethereal heights there appears to be no reason why it shouldn't, since the population is not likely to decrease. Civilization marches on!

III

Here a new and frightening possibility, hinted at in our opening paragraphs, suggests itself. What will happen to our vaunted right of privacy? Some years ago, a writer in these very pages closed an article with these ominous words:

If a man builds a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will not only beat a path to his door, it will make newsreels of him and his wife in beach pajamas, it will discuss his diet and his health, it will publish heart-throb stories of his love life, it will publicize him, analyze him, photograph him, and make his life thoroughly miserable by feeding to the palpitant public intimate details of things that are none of its damned business.¹

But this was before the advent of the present-day crop of picture-magazines, and before the perfection of the candid camera! The law, with that strange backwardness which often characterizes it where essentials are concerned, imposes no restriction upon the use of pictures, except for obscene or advertising purposes. Thus, *Life*, in an early prospectus, was able to declare this bold editorial policy:

Life will show us the Man-of-the-Week . . . his body clothed and, if possible, nude. It will expose the

loves, scandals, and personal affairs of the plain and fancy citizen . . . and write around them a light, good-tempered "colymnist" review of these *once private lives*.

Fortunately *Life* has thus far managed to restrain itself from putting this threat into execution, although the same cannot be said of some of the other picture magazines or of the tabloids. It is clear, however, that the so-called right of privacy has become a privilege enjoyed by *homo Sapiens* at mere sufferance.

The worst, however, is yet to come. Lurid journals have in the past rattled the skeletons in countless closets, and even succeeded in provoking a war or two. But future strife among picture magazines, like future warfare, promises that not even babes will be safe. So far as Americans are concerned, we have more cause to build subterranean cellars against this possibility than we have against air raids. Unless, of course, we can rush through a Constitutional amendment in time.

But that is probably wishful thinking. Having joyfully advanced backwards to the language of pictures, and having as willingly forfeited a last remaining "fundamental" right, we may not be as far as we think from the Stone Age of human intelligence.

¹ The Right to be Let Alone, by Newman Levy. AMERICAN MERCURY, June, 1935.

THE MUSES JOIN THE PICKET LINE

BY ERNEST BOYD

IT is many years since I first smiled at the conclusion of the entry after George Bernard Shaw's name in the English *Who's Who*: "Recreations: Anything but sport" — or words to that effect. The same entry also contained a reference which did not attract the comment the other invariably drew forth. This second reference, which once seemed a mere Shavian affectation, today assumes a ghastly significance. It was to the effect that Shaw's "trade union" was the Society of Authors. In England, the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers fulfils the function of the Authors' League and its affiliates over here. Shaw was the only person — and I hope he still is — who ever referred to it as a trade union, thereby anticipating the current efforts to weld such organizations into something they were never intended to be — something that they never can and never should be.

My first experience of how such a "trade union" helps an author has left me skeptical ever since, and

convinced me many years ago that all talk of unionizing creative work is either downright brutality, downright hypocrisy, or downright racketeering. A young writer friend of mine joined the Society of Authors while his first manuscript was in the hands of a publisher. I suggested that this move was premature, since he would not be an author until he had at least one book published. The answer was that the Society undertook to give members expert legal advice about their contracts, and that no writer should sign a contract without asking for this invaluable assistance. I replied that I had managed to publish a few books without belonging to the Society and that I should be curious to learn what superior advantages accrued to the author who consulted the Society before signing a contract. I was soon to learn.

One day my friend proudly showed me the contract for his first book. When the Society of Authors had examined it, revised it, and passed it as being up to "trade-

union" requirements, he would sign it, and his book would be published. I glanced through the document and said it seemed the usual contract for a first book which had very slight prospects of commercial success. My friend, however, insisted upon consulting the "union", and in due course the contract came back, with several clauses deleted or drastically revised, and some new paragraphs inserted. This was, indeed, expert service for a small fee to the Society. As amended, the document was signed and sent to the publisher. In a few days it was returned to the author, torn into four pieces, together with his manuscript. Such was my first glimpse of how a "union" can help a creative artist.

Since then the unionization of everything under the sun has been progressing in the United States — until recently the country with the least-developed trade-union movement of all the modern industrial nations — apparently on the principle of making up for lost time, plus the national predilection for mass production and standardization. What once struck me as Shaw's little joke, until it cost my friend a writer's most important opportunity — that of getting a hearing — is now invading my own life. Writers of every kind are

gradually being swept into the net of unionization: dramatists, screenwriters, radio-writers, newspapermen. Those of us who are free-lances may at any time be one, all, or some of these. The moment we are trapped, we must join up or resign. One might as well try to decline the honor of Social "Security", if one happens to be working, however temporarily, for a company. The contribution is deducted, despite protests, and the prospect of a fifteen dollar a month old-age pension is the triumphant answer to a free-lance's prayer.

It may be said that the aim of the various unions and guilds is not to tie everybody down to the same terms, but to ensure a certain minimum below which the veriest novice cannot be forced. Those who are in a position to do so with impunity are still free to ask for whatever they think they are entitled to, and to decline whatever does not suit them. This is undoubtedly the theory, and it would sound very reasonable but for cases like that of my English friend. What guild would dare to guarantee that these so-called minimum terms have not led to the rejection of scripts, the refusal of jobs? What exactly are "minimum" terms? Minimum terms for George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill might be

maximum or excessive terms for some unknown newcomer. In the case I have cited the retort was obvious, although the revisions in the contract were more or less those which any established writer might have obtained by mutual agreement. There are various euphemisms for rejecting manuscripts, as we all know, so it is clearly impossible to know exactly what considerations actually lead to a rejection. Might not excessive "minimum" terms be one of them?

In the arts, as the history of the world has shown, beginners cannot be choosers. The rewards in that field, if and when they come, are not like those accruing to other measurable, standardized forms of human activity. The first object, the most practical object of any human being engaged in original, creative work is to obtain a foothold, to get a hearing, to reach the public. In order to achieve this, the artist must suffer, be exploited and cheated, so far as his monetary returns are concerned, when compared with the possibly inferior work of those whose names are established and whose achievements are known. If a playwright, for example, could waive his "rights" under the Minimum Contract of the Dramatists' Guild, his play might be produced; whereas

now producers may not be willing to take a chance on a newcomer under the conditions imposed by the Guild. But, if he were to find a producer, on whatever terms, and then made a hit, he would no longer have to rely on the minimum terms of the Guild Contract.

Is it more important for a rising playwright to have his work produced, or to be "guaranteed" minimum terms which prevent his work from reaching the stage? There is not the faintest reason in the world why any untried person should be offered more than the traffic will bear, whatever the work may be. The very nature of creative work is such that it needs sponsors and patrons—that is, people who will make it financially possible for the artist to get a hearing and people who will make it worthwhile for the sponsors to take the risk. And clearly the amount anyone will invest in a given enterprise is a matter for personal decision.

The fallacy underlying the present unionization movement is that the leading spokesmen of the various guilds are all independent of such organizations. They have got where they are without such assistance, and they are never called upon to jeopardize their own popularity or financial security by going on a sympathetic strike. They

negotiate for minimum terms, but they can bring no pressure whatsoever on those who find the terms excessive. Nor is it possible for them to do so. The only conceivable equivalent to union action which could be taken is too fantastic. If, for example, all the dramatists with smash hits running in New York were to call off their plays until their producers had accepted certain plays which these dramatists thought deserved production, that would be the parallel to union action in other fields.

Such a gesture could not be made, save in very exceptionable circumstances, where the parties concerned all knew each other and knew all the facts. In that case, the more natural and human procedure would be for the influential dramatist to convey to the producer that he had better do something about So-and-So's script, or else. That is why the intrusion of union organization into every field of intellectual activity is a mockery of the very principle it is supposed to represent and a cruel imposition on the defenseless rank-and-file. It is one thing to lay down the law as to what should or should not be the terms of a contract; it is quite another to compel anyone to offer those terms where they do not seem to be justified.

II

On the day Bernard Shaw pickets his own successful play on the ground that the same terms and royalties are not available to every new playwright, then it will be time enough for him to talk of his "trade union". The ruthless, black-mailing tactics of stagehands in overcharging for extra work—in refusing to do certain things because of the Electricians Union, in sabotaging plays by every device they think the traffic will bear—are by-words in the theater and the despair of everyone who works in it. What if the authors, being "union men", adopted the same tactics? Would Shaw, I wonder, or any of our leading dramatists, refuse to attend rehearsals without extra pay? If a scene or an act has to be re-written, during a rehearsal or a tryout, should the author indulge in a sit-down strike, declare that his play was bought as he wrote it, and that he will not do any work on it not provided for specifically in his "union" contract? As we all know, no creative writer, no artist, ever approached his work in that spirit. He is impelled by inner integrity, not by union rules. After all, it is *his* work that matters, not schemes for exact-

ing more wages for incompetents.

The leaders and spokesmen of these unions and guilds allege that the very fact that they are independent of minimum terms and so forth is a proof of their disinterested devotion to the underdog. Every creative worker is, in a sense, an underdog until he establishes his own name in his chosen field. It has been my contention that Shavian "trade unionism" is no help toward that end and is probably in hundreds of cases a hindrance. The victims are the supposed beneficiaries of these union organizations. If they are not yet beaten up in the manner to which the CIO has accustomed the manual workers, it is merely because the time is not ripe for further thuggery. Already there is a noticeable resemblance between the ordinary union "organizer" and the spokesmen of the various guilds: they are affluent and independent and do not suffer when others are penalized for their union "principles".

Let us consider, for example, the Hollywood writers. Whatever one's estimate of their qualifications, whatever they may be called upon to endure, they really do differ from plasterers, paperhangers, or even stagehands. But the NLRB recently decided otherwise and compelled them to choose be-

tween the Screen Writers Guild, Inc., and the Screen Playwrights, Inc., as their representatives for collective bargaining. The NLRB expressly denied that the work of these writers was of a creative and professional character because, to quote the *Authors' League Bulletin*, their work is "subject to the critical examination and close scrutiny of the producer and that the producer's word is usually final as to the contents and ultimate form of the script".

Here is the unionization of the arts in all its fine flower. By the same logic, articles are subject to an editor's "critical examination and close scrutiny", books are likewise scrutinized by publishers and their readers, and plays by producers and playreaders. Alterations are frequently made in all cases and mostly to the author's advantage, however recalcitrant he may be. The aesthetic experts of the NLRB reduce us all, for that reason, to the same level as steel puddlers and curve-greasers. Comes the Union! Join the picket line! This publisher is unfair to organized novelists; this producer is unfair to organized dramatists; this editor is unfair to organized contributors! We'll close the shop! Workers in the arts, unite! You have nothing to lose but your brains!

DO SCHOOL-BOOKS TELL THE TRUTH?

BY NATHAN SCHACHNER

A SCANT generation ago American history, as taught in the schools, was a fantastic combination of fact, myth, and downright falsehoods. Priscilla still looked demurely at the stumbling John Alden and inquired, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John"? George Washington still chopped down his cherry tree and declaimed with priggish virtue, "Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet". King George III was still a bloody tyrant out-Neroing Nero in his barbarous treatment of the oppressed Colonies. The Revolutionary Fathers were impossible embodiments of all the virtues, and of a wisdom beyond the ken of later mortals. The Civil War was a shining Crusade to free the slaves, unmixed by any ulterior motives. And Teddy Roosevelt won the Spanish-American War by his solitary gallop up San Juan Hill.

Around the turn of the century, however, the story of America began to be revised. Competent historians dug into the sources, and

viewed with a critical eye the hoary legends that had passed muster for generations of naïve believers. Revisions crept into the school-books, so that today Miles Standish and his poetic company are dismissed with an indulgent gesture and even the tots in kindergarten laugh heartily at the tale of Washington and his hatchet. But, in spite of modern research, in spite of the fact that the truth has been told again and again, a surprising number of these old-wives' tales and mythic legends persist, even in the most recent public-school histories.

THERE IS FOR EXAMPLE the case of the Boston Massacre. Every good American knows about it, and knows that this instance of British barbarity was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution. Nor does the following excerpt from the volume written for the schools by Mr. Waddy Thompson do anything to alter this conception in the minds of those who read it. He writes:

The troops [in Boston] had been giving considerable trouble, and the feeling against them was bitter. A quarrel arose between a party of soldiers and some of the inhabitants. The soldiers discharged their muskets, killing five persons and wounding six. . . . The "Boston Massacre", as it was called, sent a thrill of horror over the country.¹

But actually the British soldiers were not to blame. The populace of Boston had been whipped up to a frenzy of excitement by the artful methods employed by that master of propaganda, Sam Adams. Bostonians had burnt the mansion of Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson to the ground and had sacked it; they had jeered and yelled obscenities after the soldiery for weeks. Finally, near Boston Common, a mob gathered to bait a solitary sentry. First came snowballs; then bricks and stones. The sentry called upon his comrades for help; they tumbled out to meet more bricks, cudgels, and uglier weapons. A soldier, staggered by a missile, fired. The shot started a volley. Four of the rioters were killed. Then Captain Preston, in command, regained control of his men and forced them to cease firing. When, on the demand of the enraged Bostonians, the British military authorities surrendered

the offending soldiers and their captain to be tried for murder *before a civil court and a jury of Bostonians*, they were acquitted of the murder charge. John Adams and Josiah Quincy, patriots both, actually appeared as counsel for these murderous minions of a foreign military power. So much for the Boston "Massacre".

NEXT THERE is the case of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere and of the Minute Men at Lexington. Who among Americans has not heard of Paul Revere and his famous gallop? Who has not read Longfellow's spirited, if slightly misleading, version of that ride? But how many have heard of William Dawes? Very few, if the school histories had anything to do with it. They follow Longfellow's poetic account, giving full historical credence to the lines that he penned in the imaginative recesses of his own study. Of some fifty-odd texts that I have examined, only three mention Dawes.

One example of this curious omission may suffice for all. Professor Fite describes the incident:

Paul Revere galloped through the countryside from Boston to Lexington and Concord and roused the inhabitants with the news, "The British are coming!"²

¹ *A History of the People of the United States*, by Waddy Thompson. D. C. Heath and Co. Page 123.

² *History of the United States*, by Emerson D. Fite. Henry Holt and Company. Page 120.

Yet William Dawes was the official messenger chosen by Joseph Warren to ride to Lexington and warn Sam Adams and John Hancock that the British were coming. Paul Revere himself testifies to this. Revere was sent out after Dawes had already started, as added insurance in case Dawes should be captured on the way. The two messengers met at Lexington, roused the countryside, and then traveled on together toward Concord. But they never got there. On the road they were intercepted by a group of British officers. Revere was captured, but Dawes put spurs to his horse and made his escape. Whereupon he dropped out of history, and the discomfited Revere, decades later, became embalmed in melodious verse. A poet's whim had dealt out immortality to one and obscurity to the other.

THE CASE OF the Minute Men who took their stand at Lexington is even more notorious. The gallant way in which they faced an overwhelming force, the ringing words of Captain Parker, their leader, the cold brutality with which they were shot down, all have left an indelible impression on American imaginations. And here is how the school-books fostered and culti-

vated the impression. Professors Woodburn and Moran tell the story:

"Disperse, ye rebels," shouted the British captain, Pitcairn. "Don't fire unless fired upon," said Captain Parker, of the "minute-men", "but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here." The Americans stood their ground and the firing began.³

Writes Professor Fite:

In a few hours the redcoats drew up on Lexington green, confronted by fifty minutemen under Captain Parker, whose orders were, "Don't fire unless you are fired on; but if they want a war it may as well begin here". The British commander, Major Pitcairn, shouted, "Disperse, ye villains", then discharged his own pistol and commanded his men to fire. At the terrible volley eight of the minutemen fell dead and ten were wounded.⁴

A pretty tale, indeed! Only, Parker never made his immortal remark, the Minute Men did *not* stand their ground, and to his dying day Major Pitcairn disavowed giving any command to fire, and maintained that an American from behind a stone fence had fired first.

The speech imputed to Parker is not mentioned in any of the innumerable depositions that the canny patriots took care to procure immediately from survivors and eye-witnesses. Indeed, it *first* ap-

³ *Elementary American History and Government*, by James A. Woodburn and Thomas F. Moran. Longmans, Green and Co. Page 133.

⁴ *History of the United States*, by Emerson D. Fite. Page 121, *supra*.

pears in a letter written by Theodore Parker, Captain Parker's grandson, in the year 1858, eighty-three years after the event! The myth that the Minute Men bravely stood their ground and refused to disperse is dispelled by Captain Parker's own deposition. He testified:

[I] ordered our Militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do, and concluded not to be discovered, nor to meddle . . . with said Regular Troops (if they should approach) unless they should insult us; and upon their sudden approach I immediately ordered our Militia to disperse and not to fire.

Obedient to his command the men began to break ranks. They were in the act of dispersing when the firing began.

According to the American testimony, someone among the British shot off a pistol — who it was, they did not know — and general firing commenced. But Major Pitcairn, who was killed several months later at Bunker Hill, said some shots were fired at his soldiers from behind a wall, whereupon his men commenced shooting. He swore flatly that he never gave any order to fire. And Ezra Stiles, of Yale University, recorded in his *Diary*: "Tho' [Pitcairn] struck his staff or Sword downwards with all earnestness as a sig-

nal to forbear," he could not control his men once the shooting started.

Now comes the matter of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, and of the mouth-filling phrase with which he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga. Everyone knows it, as everyone knows what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. The school-books are unanimous on the subject, and Mr. Montgomery describes it thus:

Ethan Allen burst into the commandant's room [at Ticonderoga] and demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of the fort. "By what authority?" asked the astonished officer. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen.⁵

Or, as Mr. Gordy puts it:

As the British commander jumped out of bed he said to Allen, "By what authority are you acting?" "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," shouted the brave soldier.⁶

It happens that in this particular case the textbook writers have some semblance of justification, for Allen himself wrote the speech down in his *Narrative*, published four years after the event. Never-

⁵ *The Leading Facts of American History*, by D. H. Montgomery, Ginn & Co. Page 144.

⁶ *History of the United States*, by Wilbur F. Gordy, Scribner's. Page 141.

theless, as Professor Van Tyne wittily remarked, "In truth, he [Ethan Allen] had no commission from either of those high authorities" in whose name he claimed to have demanded the surrender of the fort. Benedict Arnold, who held an actual commission from the Continental Congress, and who attempted to assert leadership over the expedition as a result of it, was turned down contemptuously—even threatened—by the rough mountaineers. Ethan Allen held no such commission, and, with Arnold at his side, would hardly have asserted such a claim.

Lieutenant Feltham, the British officer who first came out sleepily at the eruption of the Americans, wrote in his official *Report* that

Mr. Allen told me his orders were from the province of Connecticut and that he must have immediate possession of the fort and all the effects of George the third.

As for the splendid phrase about "the great Jehovah", other witnesses to the event reported Allen's actual words as being "Come out of there, you damned old rat!", followed by a string of stronger and more colorful expletives. Certainly this is more in consonance with what is known of Ethan Allen, who was famous for his swaggering oaths and roaring propensities.

AROUND THE LAST days of Benedict Arnold a legend has grown that is peculiarly satisfying to Americans. And, naturally, the school-books have done their share in perpetuating the moral little tale. Even traitors, it is decreed, must eventually bemoan their treason and seek to wrap themselves in the garments of repentance. Mr. Robbins describes the touching event as follows:

When he [Arnold] knew that he was about to die, he had himself dressed in his Continental uniform. "Let me die in my American uniform in which I fought my battles," he said. "God forgive me for ever putting on any other."⁷

Unfortunately there is not the slightest shred of evidence to support this. In fact, the one person best fitted to vouch for the manner of Benedict Arnold's death was his wife, Peggy Shippen Arnold. There is in existence a letter in which she described her husband's last days in great detail. Not only is there no mention of such a grandiloquent departure from this mortal stage, but there is decisive refutation implicit in its contents. The last illness of Arnold, she writes, commenced with a sore throat and swelling so that he "was entirely disabled from swallowing,

⁷ *School History of the American People*, by Charles L. Robbins, World Book Co. Page 144.

or speaking for three days". He became delirious —

The difficulty of breathing, and every alarming and distressing symptom rapidly increased, and after great suffering he expired . . . without a groan.

THE PICTURE of Betsy Ross and her nimble fingers flying over the texture of a new and glittering American flag, and under the benign gaze of General Washington, has become a part of the heritage of every American. The painting itself is still one of the stock illustrations in school histories. Says Mr. Gordy:

It was in June, 1776, that Betsy Ross made the first flag bearing the stars and stripes. She made it from a rough drawing supplied by a committee of which George Washington was a member.⁸

Strangely enough, the earlier histories and textbooks make no mention of Betsy Ross or her flag. It *first* appeared in a paper read by William J. Canby, her grandson, before the Pennsylvania Historical Society on March 14, 1870. Therein he alleged that he had heard the story from Betsy's own lips way back in 1836 when she was eighty-four and he was a lad of eleven. Yet on this very slender historical foundation the tale was taken up by

newspapers and magazines, and finally found a secure niche in the texts from which school-children obtain their knowledge of American history. Even the house in which it is claimed she sewed the gleaming flag has been transformed into a shrine at which patriotic Americans now worship.

Yet no other evidence exists in favor of the story, and considerable evidence against it. It now appears that Betsy Ross never embroidered anything but a local Pennsylvania flag. It further appears that the Stars and Stripes never came into general use during the Revolutionary War; the regiments carried their own colors or the flags of the States from which they had come. Very few of the troops — or their generals, for that matter — had any sense of allegiance to a national Union. That came much later. Even the "Flag House", at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, was very probably never inhabited by Betsy Ross.

THE FINAL EXAMPLE in our gallery of persistent school-book errors is one that has thrilled countless Americans for generations. I refer to that ringing patriotic declaration delivered by General C. C. Pinckney when confronted with Talleyrand's demand for a huge bribe in

⁸ *History of the United States*, by Wilbur F. Gordy. Page 155, *supra*.

exchange for peace. Mr. Montgomery reports it as follows:

Certain private agents of the French authorities made demands, threatening war unless we bribed them with money . . . to keep peace. Pinckney, one of our representatives in France, indignant at such treatment, replied, "Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute".⁹

Professor West declares that

Pinckney's famous phrase, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute", became the grim byword of the hour.¹⁰

But Pinckney never made the remark attributed to him. What he *did* say, as set down in the *Journal* of John Marshall, one of his fellow commissioners, was: "It is no, no; not a sixpence!"

The phrase as it has come down both in learned histories and in

textbooks, first made its appearance as a toast drunk at a dinner in honor of John Marshall on his return to the United States to report the failure of the mission. Its author is unknown.

MANY OTHER examples of these legendary tales could be culled from the school histories upon which our children depend, but space limitations forbid. The true facts are known, and should be part of the intellectual equipment of every scholar. Yet textbook writers persist in repeating the hoary old errors, blithely unmindful that they have been exploded on numberless occasions. Their constant recurrence in school-books is inexcusable; yet until the educational hierarchy bestirs itself, American children will continue to be taught myth rather than history.

⁹ *The Leading Facts of American History*, by D. H. Montgomery. Page 188, *supra*.

¹⁰ *History of the American People*, by Willis M. West. Allyn and Bacon. Pages 341-2.



A SONG FOR SUCKERS

BY WINONA M. GILLILAND

HISTORY repeats, I've learned;
The same old food in different dishes;
Nero fiddled while Rome burned:
Roosevelt fishes!

SUBURBIA

BY RUTH PURDY

I. The Suburb

THE child of the farmer's daughter and the traveling salesman.
A hybrid community, neither Town nor Gown.
A railroad station
Where natives, disdainful of their bucolic origin,
Hastening from their converted farms
To flaunt Sixth Avenue silks in Radio City,
Meet, coming out to the great open spaces,
Escaping city dwellers
Who eat ham and eggs de luxe on chromium plates
In simple overalls from Abercrombie and Fitch
And ride horseback in made woods
Which rival nature.
A maelstrom of social dyspepsia
Which soda cannot resolve,
Nor whiskey and soda
(Though they never stop trying).
If Peter Minuit could have divined New York City's bedroom
In a jaundiced dream
He would have left his twenty-four dollars
In his breeches-pocket.

II. The Community Chest

A milling crowd in a hot public hall.
The economical aroma of quantity catering.
Banners, cheers, that travesty of music — community singing.
The minister giving the benefit of his blessing to parishioners
Who usually worship God on the golf course.

Rotund men bustle around with lists in their hands looking important
(A welcome contrast to their jobs).
They slap the president of Amalgamated Electric on the back
And call him "Bill".
The opportunity of prying into their neighbors' affairs
Balances the humiliation of begging for money.
The Mayor is expected to make a large contribution to every cause
But he can use last year's jokes.
Bromides flock like homing pigeons.
If the drive goes "Over the top", everyone takes the credit.
If the subscriptions fall short, the other teams "Laid down on the job".
At the worst they can always blame Wall Street.
Sweet charity in lockstep!
If America grows any more standardized
Its citizens will soon be born, breed, and die
In squads.

III. The Helping-Hand Society

The "Let-'em-eat-cake" girls,
Meeting every second Thursday
To control the destinies of the underprivileged.
They would not sit on such hard chairs for love.
They knit, while heads of lesser committees drop in the basket.
They probe into the pitiful reticences of the poor
In return for an order of groceries.
Service spelled with a "See!"
They dispense as alms what humanity demands as a right.
Membership is an honor not easily secured, jealously cherished,
Relinquished only in death.
Twenty in number
(Though they would seem more by the pound),
All past or potential presidents
Quarreling over their prerogatives.
An exclusive monopoly of cut-throat Parliamentarians
Whose candor is only surpassed by their prejudices;
But most of them should have been laid on the table themselves
Long ago.

IV. The Movies

The Relief workers' children sit in the front row.
Behind them a couple, who have slipped away from a dance,
Stumbles in, half-apologetic, in evening dress.
Life has not given them what they expected, either.
Wonderland is no longer for the discerning.
The masses are inveigled
By lotteries, come-on games, double-features.
(What is twice nothing?)
For a piece of silver
They can sit, secure as if again in their mothers' wombs,
Spectators at living,
Who gain riches with no sacrifice, success with no years of labor.
Cheap heroes,
Spanning continents on which they will never set foot,
Thrilling with passion by proxy.
They do not need brains, souls, bodies, nor even arms or legs;
Only eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to applaud.
Some day the audience itself may be only characters
In one of Sam Goldwyn's dreams.

V. The Garbage Man

Every morning he goes on his appointed round,
Accompanied by scents not of Araby,
Anonymous to everyone but the dogs;
Playing no favorites,
Collecting from rich and poor alike by day
Their indiscretions of the night —
Clandestine extravagances or economies,
The ravages of abandoned hopes, discarded loves.
It takes a hundred trades to purvey life to sojourners in Suburbia
But only one scavenger to dispatch its dregs.
Chemistry teaches that nothing is ever created, nothing destroyed.
If the garbage man were a detective, half the town would be in jail;
If a psychiatrist — in the insane asylum.

I HAVE DIABETES

By JAMES ALBERTSON

I AM a diabetic. I have lived most of my life on borrowed time. Yet in a group of people I usually seem the healthiest; my color is good, weight average, eyes bright, behavior normal—but only so long as I continue to squirt insulin into myself. My life must be lived according to careful rules. I must eat only certain foods in certain quantities—and I mean *must*.

Technically, diabetes is a condition arising from the system's inability to utilize in a normal manner the sugar which the body uses to produce energy. Insulin is the spark needed in the blood stream to combust the sugar and release energy, and its absence makes the injections—obtained from slaughtered animals—necessary. It is all very much like being a cripple with a crutch: as long as he uses the crutch the cripple can walk about; not as briskly as non-cripples, perhaps, but he covers ground. Without it, he stops walking. Similarly, if the severe diabetic stops using insulin, he stops living.

I am twenty years old, and I have

had diabetes for thirteen of the twenty. During those years—all my life, really, for I can't remember not having it—I have lived two lives: the normal, average life everyone leads, and the life only diabetics know. The latter is the one I will tell you about—the one of which doctors and nurses, scientists and laymen, have only the vaguest idea.

Take a medium-sized sewing needle. Roll your sleeve well above your left elbow. Grasp the needle between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, about three quarters of an inch from the point. Holding it at an angle, thrust it into your upper arm, well in the back, in the triceps muscle. Leave it there for two or three seconds, then withdraw it. Hurts, doesn't it?

What you have just done every diabetic does once, twice, three, and even four times a day, when he takes insulin. He must do this at regular intervals, usually half an hour before each meal. If his is a mild case he may take a shot only before breakfast and supper; the

more severe diabetics "shoot" themselves at lunch-time as well, and some must get up in the middle of the night for an injection. To miss one injection would be disastrous.

Mine is a fairly severe case. In my thirteen diabetic years I have punctured myself approximately 15,180 times. At first it was hard. When insulin-time came, I cried; and when the needle went in I howled. In time I discovered that the needle didn't hurt so much after all, except when I hit a nerve center, and the pain did not decrease when I howled. Now I think no more of shoving a needle into myself than I do of brushing my teeth. When my friends see me do it, they turn a little pale and admire me for my courage. Constant puncturing has a peculiar effect on the muscle-tissue, however, killing it, making it extremely tough, and raising permanent bumps in the areas of injection, not to mention the innumerable tiny scars. Sometimes the needle breaks off in the flesh, and if it breaks near the skin surface it cannot be extracted. I have three broken-off needles circulating through me, and occasionally when I lean against a table or sit in a chair I experience an annoying pricking sensation.

All diabetics get what they call

"shocks", when they take an overdose of insulin, or when they exercise too much. The shock is a unique experience; I think it resembles more than anything the first stages of a beer-drunk. The warning is a slight nervousness and headache, a barely perceptible feeling of hunger, and a numbness in the hands and feet. If you are reading, the letters start skipping across the page. Your heart speeds up suddenly. Perspiration starts to pour from your body; your surroundings swing back and forth. Walking becomes difficult, then impossible. Your brain won't function, and a terrible fear of an unknown something comes over you. Then you lose consciousness, go into convulsions, and, if the shock is severe enough, die . . . unless, of course, you take some preventive measures. Luckily most diabetics can feel the shock coming half an hour before it arrives, and stop it in ten minutes by eating sugar, candy, or any other sweet food. I usually carry candy with me; the minute I feel a reaction coming I gulp it down. If I haven't any candy, I head for the nearest drug store, hoping I'll get there before I faint. Up until now I've always made it.

I've felt the shock-warning, that slight nervous sensation, in the

midst of a tennis match and have had to stop. Sometimes at dances or in picture shows I've had to excuse myself hurriedly to get candy. I woke one night, my pajamas drenched with perspiration, unable to speak, my tongue and vocal cords paralyzed for four hours. Frequently I've had to leave the classroom in the middle of a surprised professor's lecture. More unpleasant and dangerous than "insulin shock" is diabetic coma, which occurs when the diabetic misses his shot of insulin. When I was nine years old, and hadn't yet begun to administer insulin to myself, my mother was called out of town and a neighbor agreed to take me to the doctor for my injections. The neighbor forgot. I haven't a clear picture of what happened, but I remember a feeling of dull, sickening foginess; I recall falling to the floor and waking up in a hospital bed with an acute pain in either breast. In an effort to save me from death the doctors had inserted two needles in my chest and were filling me with glucose, or sugar water, while giving me large doses of insulin. I pulled through and was well in a month, but it wasn't a pleasant experience.

The diabetic diet is another problem. The doctor allows the patient

a certain number of grams of fats, proteins, and carbohydrates. You are supposed to eat so much of each one every day. But actually it is impossible to keep to the diet, if you are left to yourself. Chiefly it is a matter of will-power. Because of his inability to burn blood-sugar, the diabetic must compensate for not eating energy-producing starches and sweets by eating energy-producing fats — butter, cream, bacon, fried eggs, fish, and all kinds of oily meats. The weighing and measuring — done on a little food scale — are not so bad, though they are a nuisance, but imagine eating nothing day after day but these greasy foods! They not only get monotonous, but the very idea of grease becomes repugnant. Of course, we're allowed to eat quite a few green vegetables, but green vegetables are largely water and fiber. What we really crave are potatoes and bread, rice, and rich, sweet desserts.

So I weigh and measure for a month or two, eating these — to me — disgusting foods. Then the urge for other dishes overcomes me. I sneak into the pantry, open the ice-box, and stuff myself on potatoes, bread, and jam. Or I go to the drug store and have three marshmallow sundaes or a pint of ice cream — and I am sick for a

week. But I always feel it is worth the price. All diabetics, even if they swear to their doctors that they have not varied their diets by a hair, indulge in these occasional orgies. After all, they are human.

I find it hardest to keep to the diet when I go out with boys and girls of my own age, for then food is in order. If I am with a girl who does not know I am diabetic — and she probably does not — I must buy her something to eat. I can't order her a sandwich and a glass of beer (alcohol is diabetic dynamite) without getting something myself. You may think I should tell her I am a diabetic; but if I do this she either insists that she wants nothing at all, when she obviously does, or she tells me how sorry she is, and what *can* I eat, and so on. I know this happens because it has happened, and rather than undergo it — believe me, it is humiliating — I order and eat. I may be taking several years from my life, but I think a few years are worth less to me at the moment than becoming a self-conscious introvert.

I cannot take my scale into the average restaurant, for the proprietor either asks me to leave, or so many people stare at me that it is impossible to eat. If a diabetic has plenty of money — as I have not — he can install himself in a hospital

beyond the temptations of ordinary life. He can stay at home or eat in the expensive diet-restaurants in the large cities. But most diabetics have to get out and live with normal people, earn their livings, go to school, support themselves, and try to make careers, like everyone else. In order to do this, they must compromise on the diet-question — try to approximate the proper measure by the guess-as-you-go system. To diet as doctors expect us to is not only uncomfortable but impossible.

II

Besides these phases of the diabetic's life there are others — minor perhaps but difficult in their own way. I cannot, for example, take out life insurance. I will have great difficulty getting a job and, if I do get one, holding it. If I can find a girl willing to marry a diabetic, I must be sure that no one in her family has had the disease, or our children will probably have it. . . . I could give you more but these are a few things typical of the gaps between the life of the diabetic and that of the average man.

Diabetes does not make a particularly pleasing picture. Probably you think I would give anything to

be rid of it. But I am not so sure. The disadvantages of diabetes are obvious. Yet it has advantages, too.

In the first place diabetes has taught me moderation. I know that if I want to live I must stick to my diet-regime. For the same reason I must not drink, smoke excessively, or get angry, for anger upsets the endocrine glands and the pancreas. I must get plenty of sleep, eat regularly, get enough exercise. These are good rules for anybody to learn. A diabetic learns them or he doesn't last long. And it is entirely possible that because of my moderation I will live to be much older than many of my healthy contemporaries.

I think I have a better chance than most normal people of making a success of my life. I realize that I must try harder. If I lose my job, I haven't a healthy body to fall back on. I have *got* to be a success and acquire sufficient independence to be able to attend properly

to my diet and insulin. My incentive to succeed in life is vastly stronger than that of most healthy people. Moreover diabetes has given me a medical knowledge far superior to that of the average layman. I know more about my own disease, technically speaking, than many doctors, and as much as some specialists; I have made valuable friends in the medical profession and among my fellow-sufferers.

I am not hypocritical enough to say that I would not like to be cured. I would. I would like to eat, drink, and be merry and careless about my physical welfare. I'd like to indulge myself and suffer for it as little as you normal people do. But when I place the disadvantages of diabetes beside the advantages — when I consider the experiences, lessons, knowledge, and friends that I would have missed as a non-diabetic — my common sense tells me that perhaps my life has been and will be better for it.



THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

Government at best is but a necessary evil, at worst an intolerable one.

HAVE YOU EVER EATEN BREAD?

BY DELLA T. LUTES

THE kitchen in that old farmhouse where I was born in Southern Michigan was large and low. Its floor was bare, except for the braided rug before my mother's rocking chair; its walls were stained with smoke from frequent stoking of the bandy-legged stove; its ceiling smudged with sooty shadows from the rising steam. The odor of pitch from scabrous tamarack, of oozing sap from oak and elm too-little seasoned for immediate use, and the racy fragrance of crackling birch hung ever upon the air. So also lingered faint aromas more directly pertinent to the ends and offices of this particular domain, bouquets which also emanated from that same old stove with its soot-lined grids and huge, handy-elevated oven.

Every crease and crevice, as well as walls, racks, floor, and dome, of that old oven was impregnated with the odor of succulent viands which lipped their savory way across its hospitable brink. Meats, tame and domestic: the young

roast pig, his smooth pink skin turned copperishly crisp, his small, pert ears protected from the oven's heat by improvised earmuffs of heavy wrapping paper crumbling as it scorched; birds from our own prolific poultry yard and from field and stream as well; lamb, pork, and beef from the crude abattoir behind our barn, with occasional variety provided by some neighboring Nimrod. Sweets to humor the pampered tooth: cakes in endless kind, pies, pudding, and kick-shaws more than I can say, a dulcet roster rich in nature as in name.

And bread! A whole galaxy of breads in shape of loaf, muffin, roll, biscuit, shortcake, Johnny-cake, and bun. The odor of wheaten bread—a fragrance as old as the history of the world; Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz with the smell of ripened heads in her nostrils; Christ justifying the harvest on a Sabbath Day because of human need. Bread “which strengthens a man's heart and so is called the staff of life”.

The smell of bread in which is that of earth turned by the plow, warmed by the sun, moistened with dew, wet by rain, sweet and *good*; and that of ripened grain, bosky and lush, musky and stout. The subtle, sensuous feel of flour to the touch; and, finally, the fruit of all — bread. The simple magic charm of evolving sweet symmetrical golden loaves from combination of God's witchery and human skill.

The women who ruled over kitchens such as that in our old home made thousands of loaves of bread in a lifetime. It was work. It was also a monument. It provided pleasure as well as sustenance for their families. It was remembered by those for whom they toiled, to their dying days. It was bound up in thongs of tenderness with the love of home.

Women whose pride today lies in blue-blood kitchens, which would not recognize ours as a legitimate progenitor even if it *had* been the *Mayflower*, make but little bread. They can buy it, so they are told, and so they say, cheaper than they can make it. And they can save time. Which may be true — but it depends on what they do with the salvage.

My cousin Adelaide, who had anywhere from eight to twelve in

her family, depending upon the number of hired men, baked bread for all. Bread and rolls and biscuit (both *riz'* and sour milk), not to speak of shortcakes, Johnny-cakes, and pancakes. I knew Adelaide for a great many years, and lived weeks upon end at her house (another bread-hungry mouth), and I never once heard her complain of the work or time entailed in baking bread. The same was true of my own mother and all our neighbors. They baked tons of bread — and liked it. At least they took it in their stride and made no fuss. No great credit was due them, of course, for there was no other way for the country family to get bread. Once in awhile, when he went to town, my father would bring home a loaf of baker's bread, mainly as a horrid example. "Might's well bite into a roll of cotton batting," he would say, "as that stuff." For when *he* had bread he wanted salt-rising bread. *There*, he declared, was a bread had something *to* it. Taste *and* substance. Soul and body.

Bread baked in the home oven, and with the ingredients recommended in rules for such baking, is more nutritious and richer in flavor than any bread baked in great quantities for commercial use can possibly be. In order to

sell quantities of bread, it must be sold cheap. And, in producing any product in great quantities cheaply, quality must be sacrificed. It can never be as good as bread baked by a good cook in a home kitchen. To make good bread is an achievement in the art of homemaking. A painter glories in his achievement: so does a sculptor, a writer, an architect. Why should not a homemaker (whose art is of far greater value than any of these) glory in hers?

II

If bread-making were a difficult, tiresome, wearying, or time-consuming task, I might not recommend it (and then again I might, believing it worth while). But it isn't. Listen for a moment to the few simple directions I am going to give; and then, remembering how the women of older courts enhanced their beauty with a patch of plaster, try a little flour against a flushed cheek or on an escaping strand of hair. Believe me, this fetching aid to charm will not be lost.

Put into a large bowl or bread-mixer, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter (or any preferred shortening—I like butter and

lard), four teaspoonfuls of salt; pour over this four cupfuls (one quart) of scalding-hot milk, and stir well together. Let this stand until it is just warm (tepid). Now dissolve two cakes of fresh compressed yeast by breaking them in one-half cupful of tepid (not hot) water. When the milk liquid is cool enough, mix the dissolved yeast with it and stir together.

Sift into this as much of sixteen cups of bread flour as you can mix with a wooden spoon, beating it briskly as you gradually stir it in. Use a good bread flour with high gluten-content. When you can no longer stir it with a spoon, sprinkle some of the remaining flour onto the board and scrape your dough out on it. Dip your fingers in flour and knead the dough lightly until it does not stick to your fingers or the board (adding flour from your original sixteen cups as needed). It should spring back when indented with the fingers.

Grease your cleaned mixing bowl and put the dough back into it. Brush the top with melted butter, lard, or combined shortening. Put a kettle cover or heavy cloth over it and set in a warm place (80 degrees) to rise to about three times its original size.

When sufficiently raised, take the dough out onto your floured

board, knead it down lightly, and divide into three loaves. Don't handle the dough too much when molding into loaves. And don't keep adding flour until it becomes hard. The dough should be smooth, pliant, and like velvet. Put the loaves into well-greased bread tins and set again to rise in a warm place until it has doubled in size. Poke it down into corners and put in an oven at 400 degrees for fifteen minutes. Then turn heat down to 350 and let it bake for half an hour — forty-five minutes in all. The top should be a nice even brown, and at the end of forty-five minutes the bread should be drawing away from the pans. We use glassware for baking as giving a softer crust than metal of any kind.

Take the bread immediately from the pans and set it on a cake rack or an upturned tin. Brush a very little butter over the top to soften the crust. The bread should cool quickly so that it won't dry out. Let it cool before cutting. (My father would not do this; he liked it hot, but it is not to be recommended. Make rolls for hot bread.)

This is surely a simple-enough process. It takes, perhaps, a little more than two hours, during three-quarters of which something else

can be done. Or nothing. And at the end you have three loaves of sweet, sound, delicious bread only waiting the slicing knife and a pat of fresh butter to take you back to baking day in your mother's (or maybe your grandmother's) kitchen, and a feeling of content and satisfied pleasure that you never knew at the end of an afternoon of bridge, no matter what kind of gadget you won.

III

In order not to be influenced by my own prejudices I asked a young homemaker of my acquaintance, whose name is Irene, to do this recipe. True to her times and generation I think she dreaded it a little, looking upon it, according to tradition, as a "task" — for she had never made bread before. While this article that I am writing was in preparation so was the bread. Long before my paper was finished, the bread was taken from the oven — delicately brown, fragrant, firm, and sweet. Its maker beamed. And so did her admiring family.

The bread was cut. One whole loaf was eaten regardless of meal-time. Slice after slice — just bread-and-butter. In rapturous concentration we sat about — eating

bread. We bit from whole slices. We had no manners. We ate bread as my father used to eat, as the hired men ate it, intent upon utter satisfaction in *food*. We may have smacked our lips — I do not know.

The delicately-browned crust on our bread is of a texture and flavor begging description. It is just crisp enough to resist the tongue and engage the teeth. We cannot talk while entertaining it, for our every sense is too diligently occupied; our ears hear the rustle of evening wind in ripened grain; our noses involuntarily twitch at the faint pungency of hops; our eyes delight in the homely picture of a cut loaf; and our tongues are bathed in their own sweet salivation.

No, we do not talk, but we turn reverent eyes upon the maker of our bread. We never saw her more lovely. Her face is radiant. She makes us think of that woman of the Bible whose children rose up and called her blessed. We look at her hands. They can, as we know, turn a slender seam, wield a clever pen, nurse an aching brow, and play a mean game of bridge. But we didn't know she could produce "the miracle of home-made bread", and neither did she. And the strangest part of it all is that, having discovered her skill, she glows with pride because she provides *life*. She is Irene — the goddess of Peace; but she is also Ceres — Mother Earth, nourisher of man.



PATERNALISM IN THE NEW DEAL

BY HERBERT SPENCER

We have no patience with the maukish philanthropy which would ward off the punishment of stupidity. The ultimate effect of shielding men from the results of their folly is to fill the world with fools.

COMPROMISING WITH DEATH

BY JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

A LIFE when not too closely examined is a simple thing. It consists of a borrowed handful of muck from the earth, shaped for a time by a few ergs of energy, and then returned. Races tend to be little different. Like individuals they are born to mature, to grow old, and eventually to die. The only essential difference between the two cycles is that the one may be slow in unrolling, and the other must be fast.

When a man grows old he loses his teeth and his tolerance for the ways of youth. When prehistoric races grew old, many of them likewise lost their teeth if not their tolerance. Certain species of dinosaurs, for example, first lost their teeth and then their lives. They were obviously old and spent, and toothlessness was merely a manifestation of senility. Similarly, the nearly toothless state of modern egg-laying mammals and ant-eaters is a sign of the racial death that is growing within them.

Atrophy of such organs as teeth, which ironically imparts to the aged

the seeming of youth without its substance, is not the only prophecy of extinction. Second childhood may be expressed in a fresh exuberance of vital power, but an exuberance without control. Just as the growth force of an aging individual may run amuck in a cancer, the growth force of an aging race may quicken to a lethal frenzy.

Spines and horns, for example, have always embellished the animal kingdom. They have generally been considered a response to the need for protection or an aid to amatory achievement. Though in many cases they have doubtless served both as instruments of coercion and ornaments of persuasion, their deeper meaning pertains more to death than to life. Bucks will tangle antlers in a forest brawl, but it is not through antlers that victory is won. Every hunter knows that a deer's most telling weapons are his feet. The antlers may even be a snare for death, as the starved carcasses of those that could not break clean from their clinches amply prove.

History attests that the antlers of deer as well as the comparable adornments of other creatures have more than an accidental affiliation with death. They are one of the best indications of old age in a race. The Irish elk of the last glacial epoch stood eight feet high at the withers, and was unquestionably the handsomest member of the deer family that ever lived. But his magnificence was also his undoing. His twelve-foot spread of antlers was not only a clumsy burden in the struggle for existence but a reflection of the last brave flicker in the vitality of his line. Today the Irish elk is dead without issue, skewered on his own antlers.

So too have fared many others. Several long lines of Paleozoic shellfish came to the end of undistinguished careers in a burst of spines. The fin-backed reptiles of the Permian swamps were square-rigged ships whose port was extinction. One dinosaur of the Jurassic period was as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, but the massive spines and plates which routed his outer enemies were powerless to forestall the inner death of which they were emblematic. By such tokens as these the horned toads and hedgehogs of today are surely doomed.

Abnormal size, like spinescence,

is also a prognosis of extinction. When a man grows greatly beyond the average size of men, he may earn his living in a side show — but he will probably not have to labor long. When all members of a species grow noticeably larger than the members of related species, the race is similarly tabbed for an early end. Nature has many times enacted the fable of the frog that tried to rival the ox. The battlefields of time are strewn with the bones of giants.

Brachiopods are the most modest of shellfish. They generally stop growing when they have reached the width of an inch or two. One Paleozoic species, however, achieved the width of a foot. It was by far the largest of its line, but it paid for the distinction by being also the last. The greatest carnivorous as well as the greatest herbivorous dinosaurs of the Mesozoic era immediately preceded the extinction of their kind. The largest invertebrate animal that ever lived is a fifty-foot squid; the largest known vertebrates are the whales. Both are alive today, but their prospects for tomorrow are poor. Similarly, the hippopotamus and the gorilla are rapidly failing, while smaller pigs and primates carry on. By maturing more leisurely and reproducing more modestly

than their lesser kin, the giant species move slowly but inexorably toward the grave.

Among the unpredictable hazards that may stop short the cycle of an individual life, disease is perhaps the most ominous. It is the most poisonous snake in the grass of terrestrial bliss. It has harassed mankind from the beginning, sometimes feeding fastidiously on selected victims, sometimes striking with indiscriminate abandon at an entire race. During the fourteenth century, in the guise of the Black Death, it precipitated the greatest calamity in human history: it laid low well-nigh the entire population of Europe, of which one fourth, some 25,000,000 men and women, never rose again. Had its virulence been only a little greater, the Black Death and its henchman, famine, might well have exterminated all.

No paleontologist can read the tragic history of disease among the most resourceful animals of today without wondering if their less-endowed forbears of yesterday may not have suffered similarly. One even wonders if disease may not have been one of the causes of extinction. Unfortunately, most maladies attack the soft tissues, and the soft tissues of most fossils are lost. Yet facts concerning the his-

tory of ancient distempers have been accumulating for 150 years. Theirs is an interesting and a surprising story.

II

The first intimation that all had not always been well with the health of prehistoric beasts came in 1774 from Professor Esper of Erlangen. He described a lesion on the thigh bone of an extinct cave-bear as a cancer, which later scholars have identified as the scar of an infected fracture. Early in the Nineteenth Century, Goldfuss, Cuvier, and von Walther described many similar lesions on the remains of other mammals from the Pleistocene inter-glacial formations. It became clear that bacteria were busy then as now, and also that their activities were less dangerous than annoying. In only a few recorded cases did they kill an individual, and there is no evidence that they ever threatened a race.

Later investigations of Virchow, Mayer, Moodie, and others reached deeper into the past, only to substantiate the original findings. They unearthed the unhappy evidence of a three-toed horse with pyorrhea; of a dinosaur with a leg abscess capable of holding a tubful of pus; of an ancestral reptile with

inflammation of the spine; of a mosasaur with gout. They discovered ulcerous teeth, rheumatic joints, and tubercular bones. But they found nothing which conceivably might have brought whole species to their doom.

Bacterial epidemics, to be sure, may have harassed the beasts of the past without leaving on their bones any scars of certain proof. The rise in the Tertiary period of such modern insects as the tsetse fly suggests this possibility. But it is not likely that epidemic disease ever felled an entire species. A few individuals at least might be reasonably assumed to have escaped, and a few would have been enough to rehabilitate the race. The effect of pestilence on a race is not death but immunity. Men, who live even more closely in their cities than do bees in their hives (and far more filthily and unhealthily), would long since have disappeared if this were not true.

There are several ways of dealing with difficulties too stern to be wholly mastered. One is to face them bravely, in the manner of the Light Brigade, and needlessly succumb. Another is to deny their existence, as some people deny their diseases, but to die of them nevertheless. Yet another is to find a haven far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, and like

monks in their cells, exchange the wear of war for the rust of peace. The proved best, however, is to compromise; by giving a little prevent being swept away entirely.

Most of these expedients are older than man, and were abundantly tested long before his coming. The woolly mammoth of the last glacial epoch strove against the ice only to perish, as it were, in a plethora of bravado. Many an ancient shellfish buried itself in mud remote from the centers of conflict, only to exchange the possibility of a violent death for the certainty of a degenerate life. But most creatures of the past, like most men today, arrived at a compromise with fate. Their ability to do so was their saving grace.

Acquired immunity to disease is but one example of the ability of flesh to compromise—of what biologists call its adaptability. Other examples everywhere meet the eye. Bacteria, for instance, can live on sulphur, horses on hay, Eskimos on blubber, and civilized man on anything that happens to be in style. Moles dwell in the ground, fish in the water, and birds in the air. The Tibetan is reasonably happy three miles above the level of the sea, the Imperial Valley farmer two hundred feet below it; the Javanese in the end-

less dog-days of the tropics, the Laplander in the endless frost of the tundras; the Arab under a rain-fall of less than five inches per year, the Malay under more than two hundred. The flesh from which all are fashioned is apparently as adjustable as rubber. Like rubber, however, it snaps when stressed beyond its strength.

Success consists in the ability to shape oneself for the life one is forced to lead. During the World War, a little sign hung in the practice trenches on Parris Island, where the "boots" of the United States Marine Corps were attempting to master the art of the bayonet. It instilled in the students a hunger for learning uncommon among men, for it reminded them that "If you don't learn you die". Civilized men, whose mistakes are not generally deadly, had a taste of the technique whereby Nature has taught her less privileged children for eons.

One can see how effective this technique may be by watching the gibbons in a tropical wood so deftly defying death as they swing from branch to branch, clearing as much as forty feet in a swing, never failing to estimate instantaneously and correctly the strength and distance

of each new objective and the energy necessary to reach it. Gibbons are the finest acrobats on earth because for ages the only net beneath them was the grave. When the clumsy fell into it, they remained.

Gibbons afoot, however, are waddling cripples easily overtaken by men. Should the forest fail, their plight on the ground is easy to imagine. The very qualities that make them succeed in the trees would make them succumb if the trees were taken away. Such is the curse on rigidity in a flexible world. Its ominous shadow has darkened the paths of achievement from the beginning.

Nature is hardly the sweet old lady that Victorian poetry has made her. She resembles more closely a paranoiac fiend who has loaded the dice against her most distinguished children. The past is littered with the remains of those who carried all their bones in the basket of one adaptation. Only the relatively simple in structure and flexible in habit were able to weather the crises of geologic history. To them alone were born the new species that varied and preserved the flesh through the vicissitudes of a billion years.



THE GREAT IROQUOIS FIRE

BY ALAN MACDONALD

UP AND AROUND the ivory and old-bronze laurel leaves festooning the shell-like proscenium arch of the new and richly-appointed Iroquois Theater in Chicago, on the afternoon of December 30, 1903, coiled two sinister wisps of black, oily smoke. Then came a bright snake of flame. Writhing out on a border-drop, it scurried for several feet along the lower edge of this scenery and disappeared under the top of the arch. For an appreciable space of time the spectators remained still and calm.

No dramatist ever made such use of pause — of the moment before the storm — as fate made of that brief space of calm which followed the appearance of the smoke. The second act of the musical extravaganza, *Mr. Bluebeard*, starring Eddie Foy, had just begun. The dark of the auditorium was deepened by the bluish light on the stage, where a double-sextet of chorus girls did a song-and-dance routine. A few nervous persons saw the smoke; more saw the fire-

line on the border-drop, but only a handful — not more than five or six — took warning and rose to go. Little children, who with their mothers comprised perhaps three-quarters of the audience, pointed with excited fingers at the flame-snake. Three girls in the balcony, who later escaped alive, arose to go, but a man beside them growled, "Sit down, or I'll put you down", and they did.

This waiting with death in the wings is explicable. The million-dollar Iroquois, on Randolph Street, had opened just five weeks before, and had been widely advertised as "absolutely fireproof". Its backers included such theater personages as Klaw and Erlanger, of New York, and two well-known Chicago showmen, William J. Davis and Harry J. Powers. These men had, so the public was assured, spared neither time, money, nor brains to make the Iroquois "the perfect theater — safe, comfortable, elegant". Two days after the opening, building and fire inspectors, flat-footedly and unre-

servedly, okayed the new theater as fireproof, beyond all doubt.

Nor was that all. The theater actually had more exits than any other in the country. Each floor — the orchestra, balcony, and gallery — had three double-door emergency exits. From each floor, there were also three double-doors leading into corridors or stairways which led ultimately into the foyer. In short, the plan of the theater hugged perfection so closely that such a horror as occurred that afternoon was laughed at as impossible by the management — until the moment it happened.

The first person to be alarmed by that small fire-serpent was William McMullen, a stage electrician who had charge of a spot-light in the wings at the right of the stage. Above his light, the metal covering of which was too hot to touch with the naked hand, a “tormenter”, or bit of scenery representing foliage, swayed back and forth, scraping the hot surface coquettishly. McMullen didn’t like this, and he watched it.

He was watching when the spot-light sputtered and he bent to attend it. Straightening up, he got the fright of his life: the edge of the “tormenter” had caught fire; he tried to crush the flame with his hands, but it writhed out of his

reach. McMullen stood helpless, bereft of speech. He looked up. The great stage was filled, save for the space for the show, with scenery and sets, none of it fire-proofed — forty thousand cubic feet of wooden sticks and frames, paint, and canvas! He shouted, but his cries were lost.

The fire, which by now had spread above McMullen’s platform, attracted the attention of a second man and terrified him on sight. He was William E. Sellers, a retired city fireman hired as stage fire-guard. Sellers seized one of two patent fire extinguishers, glass tubes of chemicals, and rushed across the stage. He shot the stream of chemicals toward the flame above his head, but it fell short. Meanwhile the fire had gained headway in the scenery above. Bits of burning canvas fell upon the singing sextet; her bare shoulder burned, one girl screamed. Joseph Dillea, an old hand, in charge of the orchestra, whipped up the music — crescendo, crescendo. James E. Cummings, the stage manager, rushed upon the stage, crying, “Sing, girls, sing, for God’s sake”. In the gathering rain of falling particles, one of the girls fainted, then another. Screaming, the others broke and fled. Out in the audience, people were rising here

and there, though mostly they sat still, seemingly too dazed or startled to act. Eddie Foy, half clad in his ludicrous costume as Sister Anne, "a poor but unhappy maid", ran from his dressing room to the footlights. Throwing up his hands, he shouted, "Keep your seats. It is nothing. It will be out in a minute. Play, Dillea, play!"

The audience wavered; but already there were little groups at the rear exits trying to get out, while the ushers, fearing panic and having no orders, held the doors against them.

"The asbestos curtain," shouted Foy. "Bring down the curtain!"

Sellers, the fireman, already was struggling with this curtain. Down, down, it came, and then, when the bottom was twenty feet from the stage, the right side caught, while the other side slid about twelve feet farther and held. Nobody had thought to fold back a twenty-foot, upright reflector hinged to the right of the arch, and the curtain caught on its top!

The stage was a blazing furnace when a stagehand named Farrell saw a group of chorus girls trapped against the great doors at the back of the stage. On both sides the backstage exits were jammed — there were 500 persons backstage when the fire started — and

the girls could only cower against the doors. So Farrell opened them up. Winter wind rushed in, banging them wide, and the half-clad girls tumbled out. Farrell had saved the girls, but he had signed the death warrant of scores in the auditorium.

II

Beyond the footlights, the panic-ridden crowd, now fully aroused to its peril, followed their first startled pause with a mad struggle toward the jammed exits. In some aisles, people piled up in heaps, clogging the passage; where some had fallen, others tripped, and still others attempted to climb or crawl past. Here and there bodies plunged, pushed or leaping, from the upper galleries, to crush themselves on seat tops, or break limbs and be trampled before they could drag themselves from the mob. The auditorium echoed with cries of rage, pain, and terror, with pleas for help, pity, and the mercy of God. And yet the apogee of this horror had not been reached.

When Farrell opened the great backstage doors, he created a wind-draught, or fire-draught, that swept across the stage. It boomed against the asbestos curtain and bellied it out like a sail in a ty-

phoon, and then leaped out over the crowd in the pit, a solid wall of flame. This vast draught was further aided by the fact that the maddened crowds on the main floor had by now smashed open the paneled doors at the front of the theater, the ushers had thrown open the emergency doors, and the sky-lights over the auditorium were wide open — why, or by whose fault, no one knows.

And then came a second, even greater, wall of flame from the stage, wide as the auditorium, as deep at first as the space between the bottom of the fire curtain and the stage, then filling the theater, igniting all the wood-trim, plush, draperies, and curtains it touched. It rolled, swift as light, over the heads of those struggling on the first floor; it spanned the fifty-foot space to the first balcony, and split there so that the lower part swirled under the balcony and out to the top of the two-story glass partition between the auditorium and the foyer. Part of it smashed through the top of this glass wall, and in a great writhing tongue whirled and roared about the marble pillars and arches of the foyer ceiling, while the bulk of it roared up through the auditorium, to the people trapped in the balcony and gallery. In that great blast of flame the so-

called asbestos curtain was torn asunder and shattered into bits; investigation later showed that it was little more than paper.

Under their sliding ceiling of flame, the first-floor spectators, already crowding the aisles, already piling up around the three exits to the foyer and the emergency doors, fought and struggled with fiercer, more terrified intensity. Through the sea of flame above, human torches fell in the lurid, smoky light. Women and men clawed and crawled over the fallen, leaving clothing behind; others, unable to rise, clutched wildly, only to grab a handful of rags, or pull another to the floor to be trampled upon. Those who achieved the emergency doors found that the door-sills were four feet above the pavement. The crowd behind pushed them out and they lay with broken limbs or simply dazed, cushions for those who followed. Yet for all terror and torture, these ground-floor spectators were the fortunate ones. No more than three of the more than 800 who were on that floor lost their lives. In the gallery and the balcony, where the tidal wave of fire broke full upon the audience, over half of the more than 1100 spectators died.

When the horror broke in the gallery and balcony, just before the

great doors were thrown open at the back of the stage, the panic-stricken throng found that the exits were not marked. With the logic of terror they broke for the entrances through which they had come, up the inclined aisles to the corridors at the back, or toward the lower corners at either wall. The aisles were jammed in seconds and the horrors of the main-floor panic were repeated, while dozens died where they sat, too paralyzed to move. Three little girls were seen to run to a nook where the gallery met the upper boxes, as if seeking that shelter from the fire; they stood there with arms entwined, faces buried, until flame tongues swept down and around them and they fell, flaming, over the rail to death. The ushers, mainly sixteen-year-old boys, fled without opening the emergency doors — or unlocking the eleven lesser exits from the upper floors. The doors of some of these exits were at the end of short corridors, down three or four little steps, designed to lead into main corridors. Many rushed into these *cul de sacs*, and, because of those who madly followed, could not turn back and were crushed or suffocated. Much the same fate awaited those who finally ran for the emergency doors. These doors each consisted, actually, of two sets

of doors: inside, a pair of wooden doors that opened inward; and outside, a pair of iron doors that opened outward. The crowds solved the problem of opening these doors only once in six cases and those that got through found that someone had forgotten, or neglected, to equip the theater's fire escapes with ladders!

III

But it was the most ornate and pretentious part of the palatial theater — the sixty-foot high, gilt and marble foyer, “by far the most majestic interior in this city or in the country” — that was reserved for the climactic tragedy of this multiplication of tragedies. Straight through this foyer, between the two staircases, raged the flood of the spectators from the first floor, fighting, clawing, struggling, leaving behind a trail of the trampled and maimed. And here, seconds later, at the tops of the stairways, those from the balcony met head on with those from the gallery. Like the waters of rampaging streams these human currents formed in the blackness — all lights in the theater went out when the fire swept the auditorium — a whirlpool of death and terror, spilling humans over the rails to

the foyer as it crushed on.' Firemen who entered the foyer a scant twenty minutes after the fire began—the fire itself lasted but fifteen minutes!—saw by the light of their lanterns that those broad staircases were jammed with dead and dying tangled and entwined with each other so closely that it was impossible, save in a few instances, to lift the corpses; all the rescuers could do was to seize a limb and pull.

The dead were piled on the sidewalk before the theater. Before long there was a line fifty feet long, two and sometimes three bodies deep. The quick were taken at first to a restaurant adjoining the theater and laid upon the long tables. When this was filled, others were taken into nearby stores and laid upon the floor; many died on a saloon bar nearby. It was a full week before it was known that in all 591 had perished.

Of the 500 or more employees of the theater and members of the *Bluebeard* company, only one died in the fire. Of the city, theater, *Mr. Bluebeard* officials, and others concerned, only one served a jail sentence, and none of the injured victims or relatives of the dead ever collected a cent of damages, though several suits were filed. The owner of the theater, the

general manager, and a stage carpenter were indicted for manslaughter but got the indictments quashed on the ground of technical faults in the city ordinances. Shortly afterward, the Iroquois Theater Company was declared bankrupt, and the damage suits, too, were brought to a legal end. The man who went to jail was the proprietor of a saloon near the theater, who was convicted of taking money from the clothing of a victim.

And the theater? Basically, the Iroquois was fireproof. After the fire it was found that the building itself was intact. The stage was burned out, as were the upper boxes and all the wood-trim on the face of the balcony and the gallery, all the curtains, drapes, and other superficial decorations were destroyed, the seats three and four rows from the front on each floor were burned or scorched—but that was all. Fire underwriters estimated the damage at \$20,000. The theater was repaired, and twice opened again. But Chicago would have none of it. For years, then, it stood like the tomb it was; people passed it with bated breath and looks of sorrow. At last, the site was sold and the once-hand-some Iroquois Theater dismantled and destroyed.

SEX DIFFERENCES

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

FOR centuries there existed a belief, asserted or implied, in the "superiority" of the male sex. It had become a dogma which admitted no question. Even the earliest scientific investigators usually cherished, or at least assumed, this belief. But about the middle of the last century a reaction took place; enthusiastic feminists asserted the "superiority" of women, and many books have been written in support of the doctrine.

Today this contest of opposing dogmas may be said to be meaningless. Each sex presents a constellation of characters too numerous and varied for either sex to claim superiority, but each constellation is necessary for the perfection of the sex which exhibits it. Nevertheless people ask: are women becoming more like men in type or men more like women? The question is often debated and receives quite opposite answers.

The problem is complex. The reason why there are such wide differences of opinion is because those who discuss it neglect to state in

what respect it is that they see an approximation in one direction or the other. Or else they fix on one aspect of the question and neglect others which may point in an opposite direction. To decide the problem we must divide it.

There are at least three distinct groups of manifestations which we may consider when examining the tendency of the sexes to approximate. There is the anthropological question of the anatomical and physical characters. There is the problem of mental and emotional traits. And there is the social, and the most obvious, aspect of manners and customs.

The most fundamental group of sex traits are the anthropological traits of anatomical and physiological nature. These are in their main outlines fairly easy to discover, but they may take hundreds of thousands of years to form and become fixed. We must indeed go back to the apes to trace them and to find their significance.

When we examine the apes the interesting fact soon emerges that,

in their general character, the female ape has more resemblance to the human male than the male ape, and the infant ape appears still more human. In other words, in the simian march towards humanity the infant leads, the female follows, and the male lags behind, preserving a closer resemblance to what we call the brute.

That is the conclusion I reached in my study of *Man and Woman*. It is in harmony with the opinion of the best anthropologists. "In the progress towards the modern type," says Sir Arthur Keith, "children lead the way, women follow, and men bring up the rear." That may even be said to have been already true in pre-historic times, for Neanderthal women showed less massive, robust, and brutish characters than their men. Woman, more than man, has led evolution — by being nearer to the child — and represents more nearly than man the type to which men are approximating. Women led evolution in the matter of hairlessness; and by his large pelvis, associated with a large brain, man is following a path already marked out by woman. The sexes tend to approximate constitutionally, but the woman leads.

When we thus view the matter it is the new-born human infant

which represents the most advanced physical type the human species has reached. Here in an extreme form are exhibited the large brain, the small and delicate limbs, which we commonly regard as marking the highest human adults, as compared with savages, and which sometimes in a special degree mark the men of genius whom we regard as superior types of advanced human development. But a few years after birth the human infant has lost these signs of high development and has begun to develop the comparatively coarse and tough characteristics of ordinary adult humanity, better fitted for the struggle in the ordinary world.

It would be fanciful to suppose that Nature, in gradually molding man, aimed to produce a being more spiritual than had ever existed before, and less dependent on physical strength. But at an early age in this creature's life, we must suppose, it became clear that it could not survive in a rough and brutal world unless it developed in some degree those rough and brutal traits it was leaving behind. The higher aim still remained, and the resumption of the lower characters became even less pronounced. Nature's ideal still holds good, however far ahead, and

therefore human aspirations are not altogether vain.

In the approximation of the sexes which this process involves, there is, we must always remember, no approach to anything that can be called equality, that is to say a resemblance of qualities. What we see here always is equivalence—not the emergence of qualities that are alike but qualities that are of equal value even though they may be quite unlike.

II

When we approach the group of mental and emotional traits the question ceases to be so simple. It is usual to attribute certain mental and emotional traits to women in a greater degree than to men. But these attributions are no longer universally accepted as natural. How far, it is now frequently asked, are they merely the result of the traditions and the education imposed on women? *Man and Woman* was largely an attempt to distinguish between the natural and the artificial sex characters. It was not, as I admitted, decisive. We cannot, in civilized societies, find women free from traditions for purposes of comparison. But it is possible to find indications. It is enough indeed to compare the nov-

els of today with those of a century ago, in which women so often appeared delicate and fragile beings, liable to swoon away on the slightest provocation. Work and sport have combined to produce more vigorous women who on that account are regarded as nearer to men.

The improved health of women even during the last fifty years is measurable. In the last century women were sometimes regarded as invalids for a part of every month. And the records of gynecologists belonging to both sexes, alike in America and Britain, showed how often this was a fact. But the later evidence tends to show that the menstrual period, though still often demanding care, is a much less disabling event than it was in the last century. In schools not so many years ago, both in the United States and in England, the proportion of girls found by women physicians to suffer pain at the menstrual period was about 50 per cent; now in both countries it is about 10 per cent, and the decline sometimes occurs in the experience of the same physician. This is a highly significant fact with a wide bearing. It indicates a general improvement in feminine health—an approximation, if we like so to view it, of women to men.

There is another aspect of this approximation of women to men which should be mentioned: the part played by women of superior ability in our social world. A century ago, there can be no doubt, the proportion of recognizable distinguished women was small compared to that of men. Taking the whole course of history, my *Study of British Genius* showed that the proportion of eminent women of the first order was to eminent men about one to eighteen, or 5.3 per cent, while Cattell, for history generally, found the proportion of women still lower — 3.2 per cent. When, however, I examine the obituary notices of eminent persons in the *London Times* at the present time I find the proportion of women much higher — rather more than one to five. These notices do not of course imply necessarily any higher degree of intellectual eminence, but they indicate a degree of ability sufficiently high to be of public interest. The larger proportion of women shows therefore that there has been an approximation to the masculine level.

At this point we meet with a much-debated problem. Admitting a change in the general level, how far are the exceptional and spontaneous manifestations of high ability to be regarded as bio-

logical variations? And are variations in general, whether physical or psychic, to be regarded as more common in the male sex? That they are so was Darwin's conclusion and that is the opinion since widely held, and supported, as I believe, by ample evidence. The opposite opinion has been vigorously put forward, especially by some feminists who appear to think that the conclusion that variations are more common in males is a claim for the superiority of the male. That, however, is a mistake, for if the variation we call genius is more common in the male so also is idiocy. Thus there is compensation. The greater prevalence of variations in the male sex may show a greater pioneering and adventurous tendency, but not necessarily in a superior direction, and for the most part increases the proportion of pathological defects.

We have to be content with such rough conclusions. For we do not yet know positively what is masculine and what is feminine. There is still a legitimate difference of opinion as to how far what we call masculine traits and what we call feminine traits are due to Nature and not Nurture. Since I summarized our doubtful knowledge, an elaborate and penetrating psychometric exploration of the subject

has been carried out by two distinguished psychologists, Professor Terman of Stanford University and Dr. Catherine Miles of Yale, and published under the title of *Sex and Personality*. It is the result of a psychometric investigation during ten years of all sorts of sex differences. The investigation was carried out in a thoroughly scientific and unprejudiced spirit and many interesting points of detail made clear. But no decisive conclusion was reached in regard to the distinction between traits of Nature and traits of Nurture. It is, however, pointed out that those investigators who, like Dr. Mead, seek to minimize the influence of Nature are going beyond the ascertained facts as well as ignoring our growing knowledge of the hormones in their relation to sex constitution. The part due to Nurture remains large and is no doubt in constant flux. But we cannot definitely measure it or state with precision those approximations of so-called "feminine" to so-called "masculine" traits which are certainly going on, to some extent balanced by the approximation of masculine to feminine traits. For while woman may still be desirable as "a tender thing", the man of today is more of "a tender thing" than the men in medieval days.

III

The last group is the simplest and clearest to deal with. Being a social matter, affected alike by temporary fashions and more permanent customs, it need not go deep. But it exhibits a very pronounced approximation of women to men, obviously due to the progress of the women's movement initiated in the last century and still continuing at the present day. Occupations and sports which were once almost exclusively appropriated by men are now largely shared by women, and as the garments most convenient for such exercises are those worn by men, it has been inevitable that women should find it desirable to approximate in one way or another the masculine garb. This movement implies no psychic approximation to the opposite sex, being simply a matter of convenience. A few women, with genuinely psychic masculine dispositions, in following the fashion push it to an extreme, but they do not properly come into the general picture.

This analysis of the three groups of manifestations indicates, I think, that there is no approximation of men to women, or of women to men. Each sex may be a leader; the fundamental equivalence of the sexes remains undisturbed.

HOME BY MIDNIGHT

A Story

By JEROME WEIDMAN

WHEN the bus stopped in Bushkill at nine o'clock, it had begun to get quite dark. The driver, a tough-looking young man with a pleasant face and closely-cropped yellow hair, switched on the ceiling lights. No passengers got out, but seven or eight new ones got in and went stumbling along the narrow aisle until they succeeded in settling themselves. They all asked the same question as they climbed in, and they all got the same answer from the driver.

"Yes, ma'am," he said in his bored but sharp voice. "Yes, sir. Last bus going through. Be in New York by eleven o'clock."

When everybody was settled, the driver waved his hand to the man in the station and swung the bus out into the main street. In a few minutes they had left the town far behind and were drumming along steadily in the darkness. The passengers coughed and twitched, or closed their eyes and tried to sleep, or rustled newspapers and maga-

zines. It was a dark murky night, and the countryside was flat and unpleasant. There was nothing to see, but several passengers stared out glumly at the monotonous landscape. There was a little self-conscious whispering every now and then, but nobody spoke aloud.

About a half-hour out of Bushkill the bus began to give off a series of strange knocking sounds at intervals that grew closer and closer until the noise became a steady rattle, like that made by drawing a pencil quickly along the top of a picket fence. Suddenly the bus lurched sharply, as though it had received a terrific kick. It skidded to the side of the road and the tires began to screech as the driver worked desperately over the steering wheel and the brakes. The passengers were thrown forward onto the edges of their seats and several women had their mouths open, as though they were screaming, but the noise of the tires drowned out everything else. In a moment the

noises stopped and the bus shuddered to a halt at the side of the road. The screams stopped abruptly. Every pocket-watch in the bus was pulled out and every arm that bore a wrist-watch was raised. It was exactly 9:38.

"Now nobody please get excited," the driver said, getting up quickly. His voice had lost its undercurrent of boredom. "Something wrong with the motor, I guess. Keep your seats and please don't get excited."

At once everybody in the bus became excited and tried to get up. The driver opened the door and jumped out onto the road. A small fat man near the front said, "What the hell?" in a surprised voice and got out after him. The women passengers began to chatter noisily and several men, who succeeded in squeezing their way into the aisle, followed the fat man out of the bus. They gathered around the driver as he lifted the hood of the motor and peered into it with a flashlight. He held the light with one hand and poked about with the other, turning knobs, tracing slender feed pipes with his fingertips, wetting his forefinger in his mouth and touching it to a twisted mass of wires. Occasionally an automobile went shooting by, disappearing to the tune of a wailing note, like a

gong that is struck and dies away, or the sound of a shell in a war movie. The stretch of road was very dark. A tall man behind the driver laughed and shivered slightly.

"My God," he said, "I hope we don't have to stay here all night."

The driver straightened up irritably and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"For crying out loud," he said, "I can't work if you guys keep hanging over my . . ." He stopped and bit his lip. "I mean," he said more calmly, "if you'll please step back I'll be able to . . ."

"What do you want," the tall man who had spoken first asked with a grin, "More light or more air?" He laughed unpleasantly as he moved back a few feet and the others followed him. "Temperamental, these guys, ain't they?" he said, looking at the others.

Two or three of the passengers smiled awkwardly. The rest merely looked worried. The driver continued to work over the motor, but it was soon plain that he was getting nowhere.

At a quarter to ten almost every passenger was outside, pacing up and down on the road, and worrying out loud. Several of them, like the man who had spoken to the driver first, were sarcastic; but

most of them, especially the women, were worried. How were they going to get home?

By ten o'clock it was clear that the driver didn't know what was wrong and his efforts were hopeless. The tall man who had spoken first walked forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," he said sarcastically, "but what are the chances of getting to New York tonight?"

The driver straightened up quickly and snapped, "Can't you see I'm trying to . . . ?" He stopped and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I don't know," he said simply.

"Doesn't the company make provision for such emergencies?" the man continued bitingly. "It seems to me that when you carry thirty people in a bus and you promise to get them to a certain place by a certain time you ought to . . ."

"I don't make the rules, Mister," the driver said quietly. Now that he had decided to face the fact that he didn't know what was wrong with the bus, he had himself under control again. "I just drive the bus. If I can . . ."

"I've got to be in New York tonight," the tall man said hotly. "I bought a ticket with the understanding that I would . . ."

"No sense in getting excited

about it," the driver said calmly. He said it as though it pleased him very much to talk to so excited a man. "That isn't going to get you to New York, Mister."

II

The driver walked out into the road with his flashlight. He stood there, swinging the beam around in a wide arc on the road until an approaching car was close. Then he jumped out of the way quickly. He did it several times and finally one car stopped. There were four people in it. The bus driver held the light on his face and his uniform for identification purposes, and then walked over and spoke to the driver of the car. The bus passengers, gathered on the road, could hear him plainly.

"My bus broke down with a load of passengers," he said, "and I wonder if you'd be good enough to take a message into the next town for me?"

"Sure," the man in the car said.

"Thanks," the bus driver said. He unpinning his shield from his shirt and handed it to the man in the car. "The next town is Port Jervis. If you'll just give that to the man in the bus station and tell him where you saw me, they'll send out another bus for us."

The driver walked back to the group of passengers.

"There's nothing to worry about, folks," he said. The ring of authority was back in his voice. "That message'll be in Port Jervis in less than a half hour and they'll have a bus started out to pick us up a few minutes after that."

"Oh, gee," a woman said, looking at her watch. "It's almost ten-thirty now already. That means we won't get picked up till after eleven, the earliest. That means, my God, we won't get to New York till after one in the morning."

A murmur spread through the group of passengers and worked its way to the rear. One o'clock in the morning was no time to get home, especially when families and relatives were expecting you at eleven. They paced up and down nervously, smoking and talking, vilifying the bus company, framing the telegrams they would send home from Port Jervis explaining their lateness. Several of the more militant passengers insisted that the bus company should pay for the telegrams, and one or two talked of legal action, but most of them were simply worried about getting home. They said so over and over again, and nobody seemed to be bored by the repetition.

Suddenly a young man pushed

his way through the group and addressed the driver. He was short and thin but complete-looking, like a doll, and he wore a green sweater. His very dark face looked frightened and as he talked rapidly he made short pecking motions with his head, like a pigeon walking. The driver listened to him for a few moments with a puzzled frown and then looked inquiringly at the people near him. They shook their heads and looked blank. Nobody understood the frightened young man. He let out a wail and clutched at the driver's arm as he started his rapid speech again.

"Say, what the hell are you talking about?" the driver asked.

The young man stopped talking and looked desperate. The short fat man, who had been the first to follow the driver out of the bus, stepped forward.

"He's talking Italian," the fat man said. "I understand Italian."

"All right, he's talking Italian," the driver said reasonably. "But what is he saying?"

"He says he must get back to New York by twelve o'clock."

The driver looked disgusted. He waved his hand.

"Does he think he's got something there?" he said. "Everybody here wants to get back to New York by twelve o'clock."

He started to turn away, but the desperate young man pounced on him and began to pour the stream of Italian at him again. The fat man translated: "He says he has his girl with him and her father only let them go out for the day and he said they have to get back by midnight. If they don't get back by midnight," the fat man said seriously, "her father will kill them both. Her father said so."

The driver stared at the fat man and then at the young Italian as though he didn't quite believe his ears. Then the people near him started to laugh and he laughed too.

"Tell him not to be a sap," the driver said with a grin. "Tell him he can send a telegram from Port Jervis just like everybody else."

The fat man spoke to the young man in Italian. The young man listened earnestly until he understood, and then he began to shake his head violently and plead with the driver. The people around them started to laugh again, but there was something pathetic about the young man's unintelligible desperation, and the laughter sounded wrong. They stopped it.

"Where's the girl?" someone asked.

The fat man translated. The young man pointed to the bus.

Everybody moved to the side of the bus and looked in. A young girl in a crushed black silk dress and a ridiculous black hat was sitting near the front. She sat very straight, with her hands on a shabby little purse in her lap. Tears were rolling down her face and into the corners of her mouth. Every few seconds her slight, doll-like body shuddered with her sobs. She looked so miserable and frightened that everybody turned away.

"Gosh," a woman said, dropping her cigarette. "We have to do something about this."

Everybody looked at the driver. He took off his cap and wiped the sweatband with his hand. The tough look had left his face and now, as he scowled at his hat, he seemed perplexed and worried.

"Listen, Tony," he said to the young man. Then he caught himself and he turned to the fat man. "Listen. Tell him there's absolutely nothing we can do. Tell him I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. Tell him he'll just have to explain to the girl's old man that the bus broke down. Hell, this isn't the first time a bus broke down. Trains break down, too. Tell him he can . . . Sure, tell him he can call me for a witness to talk to the old man or something, any time he wants to. Tell him . . . Oh, hell,

I'd like to do something for the kid, but what can I do?"

The fat man translated while the passengers crowded around anxiously and the young man listened patiently. When he understood what the driver had said, he became violent again. He shook his head and waved his hands and talked rapidly in Italian. He seemed ready to burst into tears himself.

"He says," the fat man said with great care, "it wouldn't do any good. He says he's been begging the girl's old man for weeks to let him take the girl up the country for a day and the old man finally said all right only if they're home by midnight. He says the girl's old man would never believe the bus broke down just on this one day. He says the girl's old man will kill them both if they don't get home by midnight."

The young man's passionate Italian, translated into the fat man's deliberate English, was almost terrifying, like a jury verdict in a murder trial. The exasperated driver scratched his yellow hair and glared at his hat. Finally, he opened his mouth to say something, but the young Italian interrupted with a glad cry. He flung himself on the fat man and hissed a dozen sentences in his ear. The

fat man stroked the back of his head and turned to the driver and the group of passengers.

"He says," the fat man said, "it wouldn't do any good if you" — he nodded to the driver — "acted as a witness, but he says you gave him an idea. He says if we drew up a paper saying that the bus broke down and that's why he was late; he says if we drew that up and everybody here, all the passengers, signed it with their names and addresses, that might do the trick. He figures like that he'd have something to show her old man."

For a moment there was silence.

"Sure," a woman cried happily, "we could do that!"

A wave of relief swept across the group of passengers. The chattering and the laughter began again, on a slightly higher note. Even the driver grinned. People scurried around for pens and pencils. They discussed the phrasing of the affidavit in high-pitched voices. Everybody had a witty insertion to make and they were all received with hilarious approval. The young Italian hurried into the bus to tell the girl what was happening.

"Well, folks," the driver said with a laugh, "what do you say we begin writing?"

He started to tear a sheet from his small pocket-notebook. The tall

man who had been sarcastic to him stepped forward. He was carrying a briefcase.

"Pardon me, driver," he said pleasantly, "but I think you'd better let me do the writing. I'm an attorney." He sat down on the running board of the bus and drew a pad of foolscap from his briefcase. While the driver held the flashlight on the paper, the tall man used the briefcase as a desk and wrote an affidavit. Then the passengers formed a line and trooped past him gaily, signing the paper. At least seven or eight of them made reference to John Hancock and the Declaration of Independence, but nobody seemed to mind. The driver signed last and added the name of the bus company and his shield number.

"Boy," he said with a grin, "that ought to hold even Mussolini."

III

The laughing group surrounded the driver as he handed the paper to the young Italian. He looked at it and seemed impressed. Then he turned to the fat man and held it out to him. The fat man took it and translated into Italian. The young man's head nodded slowly as he listened and for a few moments there was almost a smile of relief

on his face. Then it disappeared and he shook his head sadly.

"What's the matter?" the driver asked anxiously.

The fat man listened and then turned to the passengers. "He says, thanks, this will help, but only if he's not *too* late. He says if he's not home with the girl by a little after midnight at the latest, her old man will kill them both, affidavit or no affidavit."

The driver and the passengers looked at each other. The laughter had disappeared. They were anxious and dejected again. The driver scowled and went back to scratching his head. For a moment it was so quiet on the dark road that the girl's sobbing could be heard clearly from the bus.

"Say!" a woman cried suddenly, "why can't we . . . ?"

The driver spoke and moved at the same time.

"Sure!" he said. "We could do the . . ."

The rest of his words were lost as he dashed out into the road. He stood there, swinging his flashlight in a circle. The others hesitated for a moment, then understood, and ran out to join him. They improvised torches out of folded newspapers and waved them over their heads. Several of the more enterprising gathered twigs and brush

from the side of the road and built small fires. One woman found a bottle of nail polish in her purse. She poured it over a thick piece of wood, ignited it, and had a reddish-glowing torch. Those who could find nothing inflammable concentrated on making noise and yelling. Two women beat on the fenders of the bus with the handles of tennis rackets until the spray of chipped enamel that they raised drove them back.

In a few minutes the first car to come along the road squeaked to a stop. The torches stopped waving and the noises died down. The bus driver ran over and talked earnestly to the man behind the wheel.

"No good," the bus driver called to the passengers as the car drove on. "He's going to Newark."

The yelling and the torch-waving resumed. The women with the tennis rackets had started on the enamel of the motor hood when the eighth car stopped. It was all right. It was going to New York. The man behind the wheel grinned at the bus driver's story, and said, "Sure. Put them right in the back."

The little Italian and his girl were almost carried from the bus to the car. In the helplessness of their relief and gratitude they

looked more like dolls than ever. The girl grinned through her tears and held onto her idiotic hat. The young man kissed the affidavit and waved it gratefully. The car started with a jerk and sent them tumbling back onto the rear seat. A cheer went up from the people in the road and the wheels of the New York car went whining away, not quite like a struck gong, because there had been no momentum to give it timbre, but in a few moments it did sound like a disappearing shell, a very weak shell, in a war movie.

The bus driver blew a long, whistling sigh and looked at his wrist-watch.

"It's a quarter to eleven now," he said. "The way that guy's going, and how important I told him it was, they should get to New York in a hurry, they oughta be in the girl's house by —" he cocked his head and squinted — "by, oh, by a quarter after twelve, the latest. They even got a good chance to get there by twelve. I'll bet they'll be home by twelve, easy."

The passengers in the road beamed at each other. Then, suddenly, the short fat man spoke up.

"Say!" he said in a surprised voice. "But what about us?"

EDITORIAL

Give Them What They Want

AND SO, after all the thunder and lightning over Czechoslovakia, not a drop of rain fell! The whole *opera-buffa* performance must have left some few people wondering why there is not one newspaper in these great United States which will print the facts about what is going on in the world, let its readers stand or fall where they may; and especially in instances like the Czechoslovakian rareeshow, where those facts were so simple and easy to get at. Any intelligent person visiting England and France last Spring, if he were fairly spry, could have got them in forty-eight hours; yet if America's high-grade foreign correspondents got them they manfully kept them to themselves, for never did a hint of them leak out into the metropolitan press until after Mr. Chamberlain's first visit to Germany, and even then it was so casual and obscure a hint that only an informed person would catch its significance.

The facts are easily stated, and we have some satisfaction in stating them, because last June we were

practically frozen out of a drawing-room for suggesting them to a mixed company of earnest seekers-after-truth; thus bearing out our long-cherished belief that our countrymen are a great deal stronger on emotionalism than they are on facts. First, then, Germany's army is not one-fifth so good as it is cracked up to be; and the French and British know it. It is good enough to take a bit of beating, do a lot of damage, and make a lot of trouble, but that is all. On the other hand, France and England have excellent military establishments but don't dare use them because neither country could stand the strain; and the Germans know it. They would emerge from a dust-up in Central Europe, however successful, ruined beyond redemption. When people talk about "a repetition of 1914", they forget that England and France were fat as butter in those days and are thin as herrings now; and moreover, in 1914 they had behind them the fattest of all, that genial and toothsome sucker, Uncle Sam, who is

perhaps as easy a mark now as he was then, but has lost weight alarmingly in recent years. Nobody can have any doubt whatever that the French and British forces could make hay of the German forces whenever they like. They could walk through Germany clear to the Baltic Sea; but then they would have to walk back again, because no one at home would have stuff enough left to send them carfare.

Hitler, Chamberlain, and Daladier all know this, and it does not take a very smart man in their position to see that it gives Herr Hitler a decided "edge" on any little matter like the partition of Czechoslovakia. He could say, as no doubt he did say, "Yes, certainly you can beat me, but you will have to pull the house down over your own heads to do it". When we have heard Mr. Chamberlain berated for his poltroonery, we have merely asked his critics to stir up their brains for a few minutes and then tell us what they think the economic and political structure of the Empire would look like six months from now if he had acted differently. That being so, the next thing was to set the stage for a magnificent display of face-saving. Mr. Chamberlain has been touted hard for the Nobel Peace Prize, and as such things go we see no

reason why he should not have it; but we do think that in fairness, if he gets it, he ought to split fifty-fifty with his fellow-barnstormer Hitler on the strength of the gorgeous show that their combined talent put on for the admiration of the world. The circumstances allowed both Herr Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain freely to go the limit with the particular line of mountebankery that would be sure-fire with their respective popular clagues. Hitler served up a noble assortment of brag, bounce, and bluster; Chamberlain trotted out the poor old spavined British hobby of compromise, convention, conversation, and adjustment — peace by wind-power, good old League-of-Nations stuff — each knowing full well that his bluff would not and could not be called. Then a great parade of force on both sides, a brilliant tableau; and then a confab in Munich, ending up with smiles and satisfaction all round, wings and halos, limelight, photographs, radio hook-ups, and reams of front-page laudatory bilge from governmental press-agents in London and Berlin.

Now, why did not some American newspaper publish the fundamental facts of that situation months ago, when people began to be stirred up about the prospect of

a general European war — say, on the Monday following Hitler's march into Austria? Either their correspondents knew those facts, or they did not. If they did not, they were unfit for their jobs; for plenty of unaccredited persons knew them. If they did, why were those facts not published? Since it has all along been obvious to any well-informed observer that matters would turn out exactly as they have done, that there was no earthly chance for a war, why have our newspapers kept on insisting that a general war was on the point of breaking out? A headline in the New York *Times* of September 29 even went so far as to accept war as an accomplished fact; and next day the same paper printed almost a column of neurasthenic slumgullion from a correspondent in Prague, Vincent Sheean, headed

CZECHS IN PRAYER PREPARING TO DIE.

Here are a few lines from the dispatch, which we offer our readers just for devilry, to see if they can get them down without retching:

This is the end. . . . The nation is ready for those final unspeakable horrors which Adolf Hitler promised in his speech night before last. . . . Here we are all prepared for everything. . . . We shall remain until the first bombardment or series of bombardments, then leave the country as soon as possible. . . . The bombardment,

when it comes, will not kill all of us, but the expectation of the bombardment has laid a clammy hand over the whole city. Today in the cathedral that old woman prayed from a heart inured to suffering through a life of poverty and struggle, but all her life's misery cannot really prepare her for what is now to come.

It is saying a good deal, but we think that even Dorothy Thompson might have to roll up her sleeves a little to match that; however, the question remains: why does the *Times* print any such sublimated drivel under the name of foreign correspondence? Even assuming that Mr. Sheean was temporarily misinformed when he wrote it, was there no one on the *Times's* copy-desk alert enough or charitable enough to save him from making himself so ridiculous in print?

II

The answer is simply that the newspapers are not newspapers. They are advertising broadsheets, no more, no less. Advertising is gauged by circulation; *ergo*, obviously, the only way to get hundreds of thousands of mass-circulation is to give hundreds of thousands of sub-human mass-men and mass-women what they want to read. Truth, honor, reason, character, have nothing to do with solving the

newspaper's great problem of finding out as nearly as possible what it is that the average moron wants to read, and of serving it up in a style best suited to the average moron's taste and fancy. To print anything contrary to a popular wish-dream is to lose circulation immediately; to print the straight truth about it is to alienate readers hopelessly, nine times out of ten; and the more prevalent the wish-dream of the masses is, and the deeper their infatuation with it, the more sensitive they are, and the more closely the newspaper must watch its step.

In the present European situation, the American masses, especially those of New York City, have been conditioned into great indignation against Hitler and Hitlerism. There is abundant rational ground for this feeling, and insofar as it rests on that ground we have every sympathy with it. We are uncompromisingly against absolutism and Statism wherever these are found, whether in Washington, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, or Tokyo; and the reason why we say more about their manifestation in America than elsewhere is that we think everyone's first duty is to help clean up his own dooryard. But we have no sympathy with an ignorant and hysterical frenzy which paralyzes

the historic sense. Historical facts are historical facts, and we believe in paying proper attention to them, even in dealing with criminals or maniacs.

Justifiable indignation against Hitler has been transformed into this kind of ignorant frenzy. Exactly as in 1917, the governing sense of fact and history, which is never strong, has wholly given way to an uninformed emotion which insists on remaining uninformed. What it wants from its newspapers is not fact, but sensational fiction addressed directly to this emotion and keeping it at white heat. The newspapers, instantly sensitive to this feverish temperature, shape their policy accordingly, and every semblance of editorial objectivity, every sign of respect for truth and fact, is swept away to make room for efforts like those of Mr. Sheean in the *Times* and Miss Thompson in the *Herald Tribune*; and since many newspapers throughout the country take their tone from those of New York, the net result of those efforts is widespread.

Thus Hitler is everywhere played up as a cutthroat and a scoundrel, and his government as the last word in Statism. Well, there is no objection to that. But side by side with that go columns of incendiary fiction like the

Times's preposterous rubbish about the "thousand-year-old boundaries of Czechoslovakia"; page after page of fustian about Brother Benes's noble patriotism, and the lovely Democracy that he so carefully cultivates — how it would rejoice us to see the editors of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* given a life-sentence to practice their profession under Benes's tough little military despotism! But, to repeat, this sort of thing is what the masses want from the metropolitan press, and hence it is what they get; and the rest of the country's newspapers, for the most part, follow on.

A corollary to the foregoing is seen in the astonishingly low level of ability, education, and intelligence prevailing among American correspondents in foreign parts. Not to our knowledge — and we have a fairly wide knowledge of these craftsmen — is there one on the job for any American newspaper who is fifth-rate as a student of European affairs, as a man of education and culture, as a literary artist, or as an adult human being. Why should there be? We are not throwing mud at them, for they are, and must be, precisely what the conditions of their job require. They are ignorantly selected, poorly paid, and their judgment is continually under the heel of the

home office. Anyone who has a vocabulary and a typewriter can turn out the kind of stuff expected from them; and no matter what the facts of the situation were, a man who turned out any stuff but the kind that is expected would not last a week on the job.

III

All we have been saying about newspapers applies also to the other great machine for misreporting facts — the radio. During the last two weeks of September the radio outdid the newspapers by all the superiority (for propagandist purposes) of speech over print. A half-dozen times it had the war started; it steadily blew the flames of hysteria against Hitler and steadily squirted rainbows at Benes and his Czechs; all in all, it broadcast more misinformation per minute than one could believe possible. We wish there were some way for the radio-executives to listen to a reproduction of what their organizations were broadcasting last September, and that they could be compelled to listen to it. If they are capable of a well-bred dog's sense of shame, they would be found under the desk at the end of fifteen minutes, with their heads in the waste-basket.

But radio-profits, like newspaper-profits, proceed from one principle only, which is, "Give them what they want". In short, information, like everything else in the Republic today, is merchandise. It is manufactured as merchandise, prepared as merchandise, and dispensed as merchandise, all to suit the mass-customer's taste.

When we began to write on this subject we were afraid our view of it might seem a little jaundiced, and perhaps we would not have gone on with it if we had not unexpectedly got a great lift from our revered contemporary, the *Nation*. Its issue of October 1 praises the American press-coverage of "Europe's crisis" for its efficiency, and then goes on to say that "because of honest reporting, the weight of this powerful device has been thrown for the most part to the side of decency and democracy, and against the lies and brutality of the Fascist Powers". We had thought we noticed something of the sort ourselves. We read on, and were greatly encouraged by the

Nation's view of a correspondent's functions. Mr. Gedye's dispatches from Prague to the *Times*, "like his earlier dispatches from Vienna in the March days"—i.e., when Hitler was taking over Austria—"have helped to mobilize the conscience of the world, and given 'mere journalism' a new stature". Then follows a pretty garland for a half-dozen other reporters who "have contributed to a foreign correspondence that has been an important element in stiffening American opinion in support of the Czechoslovak republic"; and thus, with two or three "ominous exceptions", the press corps in Europe "is increasing the prestige and strength of democracy itself against the day of its showdown with reaction in whatever country".

No one knows how relieved and happy we are to have this eminent endorsement of our contention that slanted news is good news if it slants your way, and that the modern newspaper's policy is, first and foremost, to see that it slants the way of prospective mass-circulation.



THE OTHER SIDE

This department presents the views of some of those who most sharply disagree with THE MERCURY's editorial policy.

A MESSAGE TO SOVIET RUSSIA

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

THE editors of *Pravda*—the Soviets' most prominent newspaper—asked me to write an account of present-day life in America as I see it. This I have done, and my article has been duly published in Russia. Perhaps the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY would be interested in seeing what I wrote. Here is the opinion of America which I sent:

Life In America

I have been asked to discuss for my readers in the Soviet Union the "life, aspirations, and prospects of the ordinary American in modern conditions of economic depression and Fascist activity against Democracy and freedom". That is, as you will readily see, what we Americans call "a large order". I could easily write a book about it, and can only give a sketch within the assigned limits.

I will begin by telling you the story of an American gentleman who died just recently at the age of eighty-six. He came of an old slave-owning Southern family, ruined during our American Civil War, which ended in 1865. He still owned the land, though without slaves. He became a cotton-planter in one of the richest cotton-growing districts in the South. He also became a judge, the president of a national bank, and the vice-president of another. He made several millions of dollars during his lifetime and raised a large family upon an extravagant scale. He was himself a man of simple tastes and strict conscience. His wife and nine sons and daughters were proud; the mother was descended from the English nobility, and her children thought themselves superior to all other people in our country—just as people of similar social posi-

tion would have done in old-time Russia.

And what happened to this old Southern family? A depression began in 1930 and continued its terrible course for several years. The price of cotton sank so low that it did not pay to grow it. Consequently, everybody in the cotton-growing district was "broke", and practically every bank in that district had to close its doors. The old gentleman was a heavy stockholder in both his banks, and under the Federal law he was liable to his depositors for twice the value of his stock holdings. That took every cent he owned, and more. His three or four cotton plantations were sold at auction. The banks were too courteous to turn him out of his home or to take the fine antique furniture; they waited until he died, and then they took everything.

This family, which had thought itself permanently safe as land owners, could not drive the motor-cars it owned, because the tires were worn out, and there was no gas. The old man and his proud children would not apply for Relief, and so they lived upon tomatoes and what are called cow-peas, little black and white *legumes* which they were able to grow in their own garden and which in the old days had been fed to cattle. The

old gentleman, who had expected to leave a comfortable fortune to each of his children, died without one penny in the world; and lest you find it impossible to credit such a story about life in the richest country in the world, I mention to you that the old gentleman was my father-in-law, and so I really know all about him.

At about the time of his death there appeared in our most prosperous Capitalist magazine, the *Saturday Evening Post*, an article discussing the Depression in the United States, and containing the statement: "We have not yet come to hunger in our country". I wrote an open letter to the author of this article, entitled "Hired Yes-Man". (That is a term we apply in the United States to the executive who always assures the boss that everything the boss thinks and says and does is perfect. I have no doubt that you have officials of that sort in the Soviet Union, and may have use for our American slang.) This Capitalist yes-man declared that there was no hunger in America, at the very time that the dozen or more grandchildren of this once wealthy old gentleman were being stunted in their growth upon a diet of tomatoes and cow-peas. Of course, the yes-man would say that this was because they were too proud to ask

for Relief. But what about the negroes of the town, who were dropping dead from starvation on the streets? My sources of information as to that fact are entirely untouched by Socialistic ideas or any motive for exaggerating conditions. Of course, the existence of this starvation was never mentioned in the Capitalist press of the United States, which needed its space for news about the Soviet famine.

I will tell you about another elderly man, this time one who was never rich nor proud. He was, when I first met him, a Congregational clergyman. He became a leader of the unemployed and helped them to start a co-operative. He is now editor of a little paper fighting for the workers. Of course, it is a struggle to pay the printer's bill each week, and the editor has no salary. Since he has a wife and eight children, he applied for Relief, and was appointed to the duties of a "crossing-guard"—that is, he puts on a policeman's cap and helps children across a boulevard. Recently, in their efforts to break the little workers' paper, the politicians have removed this rather frail, elderly man from his job as crossing-guard and ordered him to do pick-and-shovel work, which they well know he is physically incapable of doing.

There are two stories, and I will tell you one more, very briefly: I know a boy who has never been anything but a working-boy. He works hard and faithfully; he began at the age of thirteen, and as he is now twenty-two, he ought to be, according to all the formulas of the propagandists of Capitalism, on the way to rise in the world. But as a matter of fact, he has never been able to earn quite enough to eat. He has a mother, a father, and a younger brother, all unemployed and obviously in need of more food. This boy had been given work by what is called the "National Youth Administration". They give him two days a week at odd jobs, and they pay him thirty dollars a month for it, and the family is supposed to live on that. The boy is not contented, but I don't think he has ever read the Socialist pamphlet that I gave him, and I have never caught in his conversation any sign of what is called a "Radical" idea. That is very sad; but I have been asked to tell you about America as it is, and there are three typical cases—one a Capitalist, one an intellectual, and one a working-man.

Of course, you must not understand that America is all like that. Not all our Capitalists depend upon the price of cotton. Great

numbers of them own government bonds on which the income is fixed, and they are exempt from income taxes. I know a woman who invested her fortune in such bonds and enjoys an income of twelve thousand dollars a month without doing any work. She is among the unemployed; but she is not considered to be "on Relief". Other Capitalists have their money invested in enterprises which suffer less from the slump. Chain grocery-stores continue to sell food to the masses, and the masses buy food, whenever they can get the money. Sometimes it is government money they are spending, and so the government is subsidizing the chain-stores, and so our great American heiress of "five and ten cent" millions is well able to subsidize the foreign noblemen that she marries.

Also, the world is arming, and the owners of stock in munitions-plants and airplane-factories are still thriving. Under the spending program of the New Deal, prosperity appeared to be coming back to America over a period of two or three years, and during that period wages increased about 10 per cent; the cost of living increased about 20 per cent; and the profits of American big corporations increased — well, I'll tell you a story

about it. I wrote in a workers' paper that the increase had been 50 per cent, and one of our great Capitalist newspapers called me a liar; so I looked up the figures and discovered that, according to statistics published in Wall Street journals, the increase of our great corporations' profits had been 60 per cent in a single year, and in the aviation industry the profits in a single year were 279 per cent!

So we have our rich with their private yachts and their fleets of motor-cars and their town-houses or apartments in New York, the latter renting for \$5000 or \$10,000 a month. They have their palaces in Florida or California — in short, they have everything their money can buy. They have great numbers of servants to wait upon them, and these servants include many different kinds of intellectuals — physicians, artists, actors, musicians, and of course editors of Capitalist magazines and famous writers who tell the public that we have not yet come to hunger.

The rich consume a great many products, and those who serve the rich also have to consume. Also most of the poor have to be kept alive after a fashion; and so American industry is still running. About half our workers are employed on full time, and another fraction on

half time. It is as if we were driving an eight-cylinder automobile and four of the cylinders were working and one was working every other stroke. The car kicks and sputters, but it moves along on the level, and the driver is wondering what is going to happen when he comes to the next steep grade.

At the present time it is estimated that about 13,000,000 men and women are entirely unemployed in the United States, and another 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 are partly employed. It is found that each worker represents 2.3 dependents, and so we have certainly not less than 30,000,000 persons in this country depending upon some form of public charity, many not getting it and all afraid of losing it! That is one in four of our population.

I do not pose as an inspired prophet. I am simply a man who had the good fortune to come upon the Marxist analysis of Capitalism very early in life. Thirty-five years ago I tried to tell the American people that Capitalism was moving to an automatic breakdown, and that we would live to see 10,000,000 unemployed persons in the United States. The great Capitalist magazines of New York rejected my article. Sixteen years ago I had a debate with an eminent Capitalist lawyer, and I said that

we would soon have 10,000,000 unemployed. My opponent referred to the prophecy as "Mr. Sinclair's brainstorm".

II

What are the "life, aspirations, and prospects" of American people who live under these conditions? Their life has been that they have not had enough to eat for a long time; their aspirations are to get enough to eat; and their prospects of enjoying success are tragically poor. It is a miserable life they live. They are most of them entirely ignorant of economics and helpless. They are law-abiding people, and only a few of them take to crime. They wander about seeking work. Some of them beg. They go to the Relief offices and tell their pitiful stories, and sometimes they get "grocery orders", and more often they get promises and delays. President Roosevelt, after waiting six months, has at last recognized the present Depression officially and has asked Congress to vote more money, so that more jobs can be made. But what he has asked for is hopelessly inadequate to prevent starvation in America. He has apparently no thought of changing the vicious system under which great masses of people are declared "unemploy-

able", and are turned over to local authorities whose only thought is to avoid raising taxes.

President Roosevelt still believes that the profit system can come back and that private owners can employ all the workers as they used to do before they invented machinery which makes half the workers superfluous. Probably 90 per cent of the people who listen to President Roosevelt's golden voice imparting this wishful thinking, absorb it and believe it. But very slowly the mind of America is changing.

The workers are organizing, and are getting information in one way or another. Either there will be new candidates chosen at the primaries on the Democratic ticket and pledged to production-for-use programs; or else there will be independent parties, with candidates of their own. It is a hard task to spread such ideas in America, with all the great Capitalist mediums of misinformation working against you. Nobody knows that better than I, who have been plugging away at the task for more than thirty-five years. But I see the mind of America changing now. It is an enormous body and hard to start moving; but the same law which makes it hard to start, also makes it hard to stop.

Of course, the dreadful specter of Fascism looms over us. Fascism is the last stage of Capitalism, its last desperate defense of its privileges. We have not yet come to that stage in America, but we are approaching it, and our Fascists of a hundred varieties are getting ready. Our master-demagogue, Huey Long, told us a profound truth when he said, "It will be easy to get Fascism in America. All you have to do is to tell people you are trying to prevent Fascism". In other words, when it comes to America, it will be some native product. It will stand by the Constitution and the flag and will demand the ending of foreign "isms".

Of course, Capitalism is considered to be a native American "ism" and in all our orthodox teaching and thinking is identified with the Constitution and with the Christian religion. Of course, it is never called Capitalism. That word is used only by Socialists, and its use is a sign that you are some sort of "Red". What we call it is "the American system", "free enterprise", "private initiative", and all sorts of nice-appearing things like that. Big business has educated a generation of skilled psychologists who know how to persuade the American people that they are happy, even while starving.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

How to furnish a simple estate, as revealed in an advertisement in the swanky *Hollywood Reporter*:

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE

The John Barrymore estate, comprising seven-and-a-half acres developed at a cost of \$448,000, presents an extraordinary opportunity for seclusion and better living.

A typical old English tavern room contains a bar transplanted from the Alaska gold-mining country.

A trophy room with Mr. Barrymore's collection of rare birds, animals, and fish adjoins a projection room.

A chandelier in the music room, from the palace of the Archduke of Austria, originally cost \$8,500.

All buildings are modern-Spanish and include Mr. Barrymore's private collection of antique doors.

A large kidney-shaped swimming pool is encircled by a water spray that is rainbow-hued when it is lighted.

In the center of an illuminated Japanese fish-pond is a \$14,000 Sun and Moon dial from England.

A massive bird aviary, roofed with glass, may be converted into a ball-room or an indoor swimming pool.

KENTUCKY

THE advance of civilization in Whitesburg, the Athens of the West, as reported by the celebrated *Mountain Eagle*:

Whitesburg will witness a new sport Saturday afternoon and night in the world's first copyrighted "Chawen-Spatten 'Baccar Game" in the Courthouse yard where contestants use chewing tobacco for "spittin".

Sitting strapped in a chair six feet from a circular target surrounded by electric lights, the contestant will spat as hard and straight as possible at a six-inch aluminum disc, and if his aim is good, one of the electric bulbs will go out, determining his score. On one side of the disc there are four white lights, which if contact to them is broken and one of them goes out, a score of one hundred is designated; and on the other side are yellow lights, which if contact is broken, a score of 200 is registered.

Tobacco with which to make ammunition, will be furnished by Mr. Harry O'Dell, inventor of the target. Moving pictures of the game while being played have been placed on the screen by the Universal Newsreel, and pictures of it have been published in *Life* magazine.

LOUISIANA

THE poetic imagination of the Cultured South is revealed by an Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans, listing the following names of children recently recorded on birth certificates:

Arch-Angel, Castor Oil, Delirius, Evil, Elevator, Fraidy, Gee-Whizz,

Gift of God, Hardtimes, Hence, Loveless, Louse, Minus, Muddle, Me, Nary, Pickle, Pill, Please, Rat, Real-Dimple, Rascal, Slaughter, Sausage, Stew, Trouble, Turnip Tissue, Two-Bits, and Vanilla.

MASSACHUSETTS

GOOD-MANNERS note from the Hub of the Universe on the subject of dunking doughnuts, as reported by the estimable Associated Press:

To dunk is "all right at an informal house party or a little snack after theater", Mrs. Gertrude Binney Kay, head of Emerson College's drama department, told a class in social usages, but she added: "Never attempt it at a formal dinner or in a ritzy hotel. It is never correct either unless you hold the doughnut between your thumb and third finger of your right hand. All other forms are crude."

NEW YORK

CULTURAL-ATHLETIC note from the erudite *Nation*:

There is a note of Greek tragedy in the annual achievements of the New York Yankees.

NORTH CAROLINA

New fund-raising technique is tried in a Christian community, according to the *Sylvan Valley News*:

About 500 people were present and a nice amount was raised for the church. The schedule of prices for the event was: Two-minute hug, 15 cents; 15-to-25-minute hug, 50 cents; another man's wife, \$1; old maids, no time limit, three cents.

OREGON

HIGH life among Portland titans of industry, as chronicled in the illustrious *Oregonian*:

As an added feature of next Monday's Chamber of Commerce luncheon, Sybil Tessie Lorna, world's record Jersey cow, will be present in the dining room to be inspected by the Chamber of Commerce men. She will be milked while a radio announcer gives a play-by-play description of the event.

PENNSYLVANIA

OMINOUS warning and hex on a form-letter from the Rev. C. M. Stewart, D.D., of Clarion:

IF YOU PUT ME IN THE WASTE-BASKET
WITHOUT READING ME, I WILL RISE
UP AND CURSE YOU.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

INTERESTING theological theory advanced by a British intellectual and fittingly enshrined in the sterling columns of the Darlington and Stockton *Times*:

Mr. Ogden said that as God made the world he must obviously have made wireless. Throughout the Bible one came across verses containing the phrase, "The voice of God", and he believed that that voice was heard by the ancients in the same way as we hear a radio announcer. When God spoke by "Urim and by Thummim" he was speaking by wireless.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Wanted: Honest Radicals

IF I smoked cigars, which I never do, I should probably see a good deal of force in the late Mr. Marshall's idea that the country's greatest need is a good five-cent cigar. Not having the habit, however, I can think of a good many other things that seem more necessary. For instance, since I am a bit on the radical side myself, I naturally think the country could pretty well do with a few good sound old-line radicals. We have plenty of ists and ites of one sort or another who are called Radical by editors, labor-leaders, college presidents, Chamber of Commerce executives, and such-like ignorami, but an old-fashioned radical would not be found dead in their company. Think of our Fascists, Communists, Socialists! — can anyone imagine an old-time dyed-in-the-wool radical herding with Mr. Browder, Mr. Norman Thomas, Mr. Fritz Kuhn, or taking any interest in their antics? I cannot. The radical breed used to be fairly well represented in this country, though never numerous — it is never

numerous anywhere — but of late it seems to have petered out, and I think it was too useful to be lost.

The radical always saw things as they actually were, not as somebody told him they were, or as everybody thought they were. He had a clear eye for bedrock fact, like the child in Hans Christian Andersen's fable of the king's magic garment. Courtiers were praising the garment, crowds milling around and jubilating, all hands saying how marvelous and beautiful it was, when suddenly the little chap piped up and said, "But he has nothing on." That youngster had the makings of a real radical. He threw an eye on the king, saw that he had nothing on, said so, and that was that. What the crowd and courtiers were saying did not count with him at all. He was the embodiment of Plato's doctrine that the first condition of human wisdom is to see things as they are; and that is what the radical always made the first and greatest point of doing. He never took the appear-

ance of things as a measure of their reality, but always cut straight down through them to see what the underlying reality, if any, actually was.

His creeds were fundamental; hence they were simple and brief. He was nothing at all on “ideologies”, but was always on the matter-of-fact and practical side. To him, a social program was nothing but a piece of machinery, to be judged like any other machinery, solely by the way it would work. If it would turn the trick, and turn it cheaper and better than some other machine, he was for it; if not, he was for the other one. But all the time he had his eye steadily on the thing the machine was supposed to do, for this was all that interested him. Hence he was as far as possible from being a doctrinaire, like most of our social and economic prophets of the present day. The doctrinaire gets so much interested in his machine that so long as it keeps running, he pays little or no attention to what it turns out, or whether it turns out anything. His machine is no longer a machine, but a fetish.

Thus it is a quality of mind and character that differentiates a radical. Radicalism does not connote a set of tenets or a program or platform. Except *ad hoc*, there is no

such thing as radical principles or a radical platform, nor could there ever very well be, in the ordinary sense, such a thing as a radical party or group. Radicalism might perhaps be best described as a *temper*, a mode of mind and character which applies itself to whatever principle or program may appear before it. One might show this by taking examples from any of the isms now abroad in the world — Socialism, Fascism, Rotarianism, Presbyterianism, anything you like — but since I am a Single-Taxer it might be in better taste to pick my examples from among my own kind.

The fundamentals of Single-Tax doctrine are axiomatic, and are therefore accepted everywhere and by all. Like the axioms of geometry, they are recognized by the common sense of mankind. They are three: first, man is a land-animal; second, man derives his subsistence wholly from land; third, if deprived of access to land, man cannot exist. Those are the three rock-bottom articles of the Single-Taxer's faith, and nobody disputes them. He draws an inference from them, however, which some do not agree with, and others accept with a difference. The inference is that as a matter of right, man should have free access to the source of his sub-

sistence. On the one hand, our whole historic system of land-tenure is based on a denial of this inference's validity. On the other hand, Communists and Socialists draw the same inference, but believe that man's right to the use of the earth is given by the State and may be revoked by the State; whereas the Single-Taxer believes it is a natural right and not revocable by anybody.

At this point there comes up the difficult question of how to restore this right with a maximum of justice to all concerned. Several ways of dealing with this question have been proposed. The Communists have one scheme, the Socialists have one, Napoleon had another, Brigham Young had another. These schemes are mere pieces of machinery. The radical Single-Taxer has looked them all over and decided that the Single-Tax is the best machine for the purpose. Nevertheless in his view it is only a machine. He has no superstitious reverence for it, and if anybody will show him a better one *for that purpose*, he will scrap it instantly. Nor is he interested in claiming anything for his machine beyond the scope of that one purpose. Doctrinaire Single-Taxers, of whom there are many, like to recommend it as a sort of mechanical

man-of-all-work in moralizing politics and regenerating society. I noticed the other day that Isabel Patterson referred to the Single-Tax impatiently as a "panacea", and considering the way the Single-Tax has been too often represented, perhaps she is hardly to be blamed for that; but the radical mind entertains no such claim. It goes off on no tangent towards possible collateral effects, and is not looking for any miracles. Enough is enough. The radical's interest is fixed on the one purpose set forth in the first words of this paragraph, and he is as objective about subscribing to the Single-Tax as he is about buying a furnace to heat his house. He looks over all the types of equipment on the market, and takes the one he thinks best for that one purpose. If it turns out that the furnace will also bake his bread, wash his dishes, make his bed, and say his prayers for him, that is something else again, and he is not counting on it; all that interests him is that it should warm his house as efficiently and cheaply as possible.

II

That is the way the radical temper applies itself in every situation throughout the whole course of human events, public and private.

It never stops on the surface of things, but digs down to their reality, examines their principles and intentions, and keeps close track of the relation of cause and effect between what they are supposed to do and what they actually do. That is the way it approaches the myriad of current schemes for a planned economy, price-fixing and wage-fixing, "social legislation", and such-like. It regards all these simply as so many pieces of machinery, sizes up the people who designed them and put them on the market, considers the claims made for them, and forms judgment accordingly. It does this, moreover, all on its own, irrespective of the way the herd and its bell-wethers are moving, for it knows that 50,000,000 people are quite as likely to be wrong now as they were in Galileo's time—and usually are wrong.

The old-line radical was no joiner, no organizer, no propagandist; he had no interest whatever in putting anything over. All that meant compromise, and compromise is the last thing he would do, under any circumstances. I have lately wondered what the radical Communists, if there are any, think of Mr. Browder's new policy of teaming up with the Rooseveltians and "boring-from-within". The old-

fashioned radical would say such tactics were probably all right for those who liked them, but for his part he would see all his fellow-Communists frizzling in Tophet before he would subscribe to anything of the kind. Boring-from-within was something that Thoreau, for instance, would not understand at all. Radicals were pretty self-respecting individuals; they did not submit their right of private judgment to any man or any body of men. Party loyalty and party discipline meant no more to them than it did to Mr. Jefferson when he said that if he could not go to Heaven except with a party, he would not go there at all:

I never submitted the whole system of my opinions to the creed of any party of men whatever, in religion, in philosophy, in politics, or in anything else where I was capable of thinking for myself. Such an addiction is the last degradation of a free and moral agent. . . . I am neither federalist nor anti-federalist; I am of neither party nor yet a trimmer between parties. . . . I never had an opinion in politics or religion which I was afraid to own. A costive reserve on these subjects might have procured me more esteem from some people, but less from myself.

Think of simon-pure radical stuff like that being put on paper by a President of the United States who served two terms and could have had another for the asking! It

seems almost ludicrous, considering what the Presidency has come to. But that President was Thomas Jefferson — enough said!

Our civilization is very pawky. As Sam Weller said of the waters of Bath, it has "a wery strong flavour of warm flatirons". Any civilization ruled by fear is bound to taste like that, I suppose, and ours is ruled by a composite of a great number of fears. I have thought that a few real radicals dotted around in it here and there might season up its flat and uninteresting monotony a little. It produces enough discontent, and breeds plenty of dissenting "causes", isms, and perunas of one kind or another, and plenty of people to promote them, God knows; but these only stir up its vapidty without freshening it, like the electric-fans in the evil-smelling air of a subway-car. Perhaps radicals can no longer be produced; it may be more than a coincidence that when our civiliza-

tion became uninteresting the breed apparently died out. Certainly our institutions cannot produce them; they can produce likely candidates for Methodism, Fascism, Islamism, or any other sect or persuasion, but they have no machinery whatever for producing radicals. Probably not even the greatest radical spirits, the Jeffersons, Emersons, Thoreaus, could now survive the slow desiccation set up by our spiritual atmosphere. I doubt that they could. I daresay therefore that my space in the magazine this month is worse wasted than usual, and I should be more than ever grateful for having a tolerant editor. But I have seen the genuine old-style American radical with my own eyes, as I have seen the great flight of wild pigeons, now also extinct; and as I now look at the Browders, Kuhns, and Roosevelts of these days, I cannot help remembering what an inspiring sight he was.



THE PEEPUL OF THIS GREAT NATION

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

The public wishes itself to be managed like a woman: one must say nothing to it except what it likes to hear.

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

The Mystery of Migration

THEY are gone now. No robins carol from the fence posts; no medley of catbird tunes issues from the blackberry tangles; no woodcocks rise on whirring wings from our swamp-lands and marshes. The populace of birds is now meager and tuneless. Once again the annual mystery has come about. Once again the Summer birds have vanished.

It is a phenomenon older than the memory of man. Ages ago Ojibways and Pequots tilted bronze faces to the sun to watch the wild geese go honking southward, and tribal story-tellers invented legends to explain the mystery. White men of science wrote solemn monographs asserting that in Winter the birds retired to hollow trees, to hibernate until Spring like woodchucks, and so erudite a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson supposed that the English swallows spent the Winter sleeping in the river-mud of the Thames. The theories were innumerable and unconfirmed. They still are. We are not now quite so naïve, of course,

as to fancy that the birds spend the Winter asleep in caves or river-bottoms, and we know quite well that they migrate to warmer climates. We have checked their routes, and clocked their arrivals and departures, and graphed their journeyings with great accuracy. And, having done this, we can still only stand awed and wondering. What impulse is abroad on Autumn nights, to tell these orioles and phoebes and sandpipers that the time for traveling is at hand? What secret inner knowledge guides these millions of wings on their long intricate courses? It is not known.

The preparations for migration begin long before the coming of the Fall. They begin, in a real sense, with the molt, in latter Summer when the care of the fledglings is over; for it is then that worn, frayed feathers are replaced by new ones and the bird's light-boned body acquires fresh buoyance. Like many another happening in fields and forests, the molting of the birds is so casual and unspectacular an

event that hardly one man in a thousand even remarks its occurrence, but it deserves rank among the minor miracles. Two feathers, and two feathers only, are shed at one time, and they are shed with perfect symmetry. The middle feather of each wing is the first to go. When the new replacement-feathers for these gaps have achieved half their growth, another pair of quills loosens and is shed. With perfect precision the process continues, until a whole new plumage has come into being. So gradual is the process, so nicely contrived, that at no time is more than a single pair of feathers missing; at no time is the bird's flight-mechanism unbalanced or impaired. And in the case of certain of our species the miracle is of an even more arresting kind. There is the metamorphosis, for instance, which the male scarlet tanagers undergo. Before the molting-time their flame-red plumage affords one of the gaudiest colors in our countryside. When the molt has ended, they are arrayed in dingy green. It will hide them, on their southward flight, from the sharp preying eyes of hawks.

There is a second preparation for the great Autumn flight, and it consists of smaller flights in the nature of trials. Ever since July the adult male robins have been lead-

ing their fledglings to communal roosting-places, usually deep-hidden in the leafy woods, and the grackles and swallows and starlings have similarly massed together in tremendous hordes. At every day-break the great flocks issue forth, and all day they wheel and veer together through the Autumn sky, returning at nightfall to the place of their communal sleep. This is the time when wings are trained and strengthened, when flight-patterns are established and co-ordinated, when there is perfected that deep and subtle mass-harmony of motion which no scientist can pretend to understand. Uncountable thousands of gulls, of swifts, of cowbirds are learning one of the most ancient and most unfathomable techniques in nature.

There is a third and final preparation. It is the same preparation which skunks and bears and woodchucks make before their Winter sleep. It is the taking on of surplus nourishment, the building of a reserve of fat. In obedience to a dim behest, the flycatchers now enormously increase their consumption of tree-hoppers and crickets, the tanagers hunt crane-flies more voraciously than ever, and the dried weed-seeds in man's pastures and gardens are stripped by flocks of finches and sparrows. The birds

are insuring that they shall have a reservoir of strength on which to draw, should there be a scarcity of food along their flight-line. If the findings of dissectionists are significant, the tiny brains in these small feathered skulls can hardly be capable of shrewd foresighted reasoning, or indeed of any clear prevision of the journey ahead. The urge which moves them must have another source than mind. No man, yet, can give it any name.

II

In late July the bobolinks vanish. They are among the first to go. The route of their travels has been fully mapped, and it is known that they are on the wing for nearly two months before they reach the small patch of river-watered jungle which for inscrutable reasons they deem the most suitable wintering place. They pass through South Carolina in the latter part of August; at the turn of the month, through Florida; in September they are in Cuba. Sometimes they cover four hundred miles in a single night, and always they press southward . . . down the Andes, across the Amazon, over the great Brazilian plains. When at last they halt, it is in the marsh-lands on the upper Paraguay River.

The departure of the bobolinks is followed presently, in latter August and throughout September, by the going of the flycatchers, the vireos, the warblers. Our Autumn woods are thronged then with voyaging companies of birds. By October the last of them has passed and disappeared, and by November there have arrived to take their places such Winter visitants as juncos and tree sparrows, crossbills and pine grosbeaks . . . a colorless and relatively songless little band, *but hardily-equipped for clinging to frozen sumac-stalks in the whipping January wind and foraging in snow-drifted pastures for stray thistle-seeds.* They have nested and passed the Summer to the north of us, some of them as far north as Hudson Bay and the Arctic coast, and they will return to those bleak regions before our first hepaticas bloom.

Prodigious as are the travels of the birds—the tiny blackpoll warblers voyaging five thousand miles, the scimitar-winged night-hawks migrating from the Yukon to Argentina—the rate of speed is in most cases not extremely high. The average is usually some thirty or forty miles a day, and on the return-flights in the Spring may be hardly more than twenty. The trek is leisurely and often interrupted,

with side-excursions to feeding-grounds en route and sometimes total rests for several days. But sometimes, too, there are flights of five hundred miles without a single pause, as when the ruby-throated hummingbirds cross the Gulf of Mexico to Yucatan, and it is known that the golden plovers which fly from Alaska to Hawaii cover the whole span of two thousand miles without a respite.

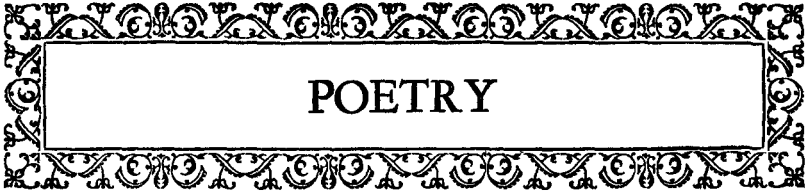
Men used to be puzzled by the fact that, although the migrating birds must number many millions, only occasional flocks are seen passing over head. We know now why it is. We know that only the swiftest travelers—those species that need have no fear of hawks—undertake to fly by day. The rest fly only in the night. On a night in Autumn, when the moon is full, it is possible to watch with field-glasses the endless passing, high above the earth, of feathered legions. It is even possible, if the watcher be in a woods or other quiet place, to hear faintly the remote music of the flight . . . the soft whistle of thrushes, the thin fluting of woodcocks. It is not an experience that the listener readily forgets.

Why do the birds migrate at all? We shall have to be very much wiser than at present before we

know. Perhaps it began in the glacial era, when the Arctic ice-fields advanced southward; perhaps it is chiefly a physiological problem, subtly allied to periodic changes in the food supply. By what sense, or combination of senses, do thrushes and snipe and meadow-larks find their way unerringly along complex thousand-mile routes which no man could possibly follow without directional instruments, and what inner bidding moves the individual members of the flocks to wheel and turn and dip in unbroken unison?

It has been supposed, in answer to the first question, that perhaps the great mountain-ranges and water-courses are the guides; and on the second question some ornithologists have theorized that perhaps the birds possess—as almost certainly the ant-world does—some sense that is outside our human ken entirely.

This much only can we say with surety: that every Fall and every Spring the woods and sky present us, for the looking and the listening, with a magic pageantry of beating wings, and with a reminder—not unwelcome in a time as bitterly confused as ours—that the ancient unknowable harmonies of the universe still endure.



POETRY

IN PARTING

By CLARA ROEHM

GRIEVE not for me because your love is done,
For all your pity is an empty glass —
And who, when the inspiring wine is gone,
Would hold the flimsy goblet? All things pass.
Less than the tree that yields the lifeless leaf
Would I detain you now as you depart.
Moreover, let this message smite your grief:
Another love already lifts my heart.
But lest scorn (worse than pity!) scar your eyes,
Should you recall how many times I swore
That you were all my loves, these were no lies;
Their very truth moves this new love the more.
My pledge still holds when, with my final breath,
I love this black-robed one. Come closer, Death.

REGRET

By ALICE COWLES MORRIS

I SOUGHT to store the honey of delight,
The years of joy long past, its sweet to savor.
What is this sorry stuff that Memory serves?
It has a bitter flavor!

GARLANDS FOR THE LIVING

Young Man Looking Backwards

By J. P. McEvoy

BOB HUTCHINS, the "Boy President" of the University of Chicago, will be 40 next year. He is, he will confess with a wry smile, pretty tired after ten years of that "Boy President" stuff. "And publicity, too," he adds, "even though I am assured it helps raise funds for the University and spreads abroad my peculiar convictions about education." The night he was awaiting the birth of his second daughter, he purred to the pursuing reporters, "Gentlemen, believe it or not, this is not a publicity stunt."

But Robert Maynard Hutchins is too dynamic in action and too ornamental in repose to escape the photographers, while the reporters who come to sip at the spring of his wisdom remain to dunk in the sauce of his wit. As the youthful Dean of Yale Law School he looked more like the strapping stroke of the Yale crew, but his pronouncement on athletics then was: "I think vigorous physical ex-

ercise is an excellent thing—for other people." Today—tall, trim and handsome, he holds with that hero who confessed: "The secret of my abundant health is that whenever the impulse to exercise comes over me, I lie down until it passes away."

Hutchins was born in Brooklyn and started in the public schools there. Later he moved to Oberlin, Ohio, with his father, a Presbyterian minister, who was a Professor of Homiletics—"and if you know what that is, you know more than the professors know", drawls Hutchins, as he wraps his long legs into an interesting design and continues: "Oberlin Prep, Oberlin College, into the Army—they loaned me to the Italians who returned me two years later with a war cross which I've lost—then Yale, where I supported myself by organizing a co-operative tutoring bureau. At 22 I persuaded Yale to give me a degree and Miss Maude Phelps McVeigh, a gifted

young sculptress, to marry me.”

A year of teaching and Hutchins went back to Yale to study law, started teaching it the day after he graduated—in two years was made Dean of the Law School, and two years later at the incredible age of 30, was formally inaugurated the fifth President of the University of Chicago.

It wasn't long before he drove through the “Chicago Educational Plan”. He shook up the whole University, eliminated required class attendance and course credits, stopped treating college students as children to be coaxed or coerced. “The purpose of education is not to settle your minds or fill you with unnecessary information or righteous dogma, or reform you, amuse you, teach you a trade, or give you social prestige. You come to college to learn to think—think straight if possible, but to think, always for yourselves—to learn to read, discuss, and understand—and to do this the old disciplines are needed—Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, and Mathematics—but don't let that scare you—for these are only the arts of Reading, Writing, and Reckoning.”

On his first day teaching law at Yale, Hutchins walked into class and asked the students if they had seen the assignment for the day.

“Yes,” they answered. “Any questions?” No questions. Hutchins rose and dismissed the class. On the following day the same procedure. “Any questions?” “No.” “Class dismissed.” By the third day the students realized that Hutchins was working on the novel assumption that if the students read the material assigned to them and had no questions to ask they had understood the material and had no need of further instruction. After that there were plenty of questions, but they had to be good ones.

The students, except for those who attend his classes, rarely see President Hutchins, although his house is on the campus. His manner with them collectively is sardonic. Individually he hails them with friendly disdain.

He has a genius for administration, scorns the flattering word and prefers the line plunge to the end run. During the depression he refused to cut faculty salaries, but cut the administrative staff instead, including himself.

Hutchins is as direct as a child—and twice as frank. About one well-known and highly hostile member of his official family he is reported to have said: “He's crazy, absolutely crazy! I'd fire him, but I'm afraid if he goes somewhere else they'll find he is a genius.”

His opponents call him "a dangerous young man in a hurry backwards", because of his emphasis on the importance of Aristotle and Aquinas in the modern curriculum. Last year Westbrook Pegler visited the honors class in the history of ideas, conducted jointly by President Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler. Hutchins finished off two hours of cerebral pyrotechnics with this: "Metaphysics then, as the highest science, ordered the thought of the Greek world as theology ordered that of the Middle Ages. One or the other must be called upon to order the thought of modern times." Then he turned to Pegler.

"Do you go along with what we've been discussing this evening, Mr. Pegler?"

"I don't know," muttered Mr. Pegler. "I fell off the sled at the first turn."

Hutchins complains that the

popular ideal of education in America "has been a seat for every child. But what," he asked, "happened to the child's head while his spine was being supported?" And he answers that the schools try to protect children from mental effort, that they no longer make them think—a course which "can end only with the elimination of education itself from the curriculum". Hutchins would combine the last two years of high school and the first two years of college, devote these four years to general education and the training of the intellect, by-pass all technical and vocational students into special institutions, and send on to the University only the cream of the remainder.

As to his own accomplishment at Chicago, the Yale *Daily News* quotes him as follows: "Compared with the University of Chicago, Yale is a boys' finishing school."



THE LIBRARY

The Merchant Marine Is Sick

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IT MAY be remembered that there broke a Trouble in Shanghai the late Summer of 1937, which protracted itself into the present year of grace, and engaged the professional attention of the United States Naval Forces on the Asiatic station. At its occurrence, and for months thereafter, competent authority ordered that officers of the Naval Service proceeding to duty in Shanghai leave their families at home. Although based, of course, upon cogent reasons, this order caused much private annoyance in Navy and Marine Corps circles — no sensible woman wants her husband running loose in Shanghai — and when, in the late Spring of 1938, competent authority decided that it need no longer hold asunder whom God hath joined, a Marine officer's lady of my acquaintance, waiting in San Diego for a break, gave up her house, stored her furniture, and requested transportation to the Asiatics, where her officer serves with a regiment of Marines.

Poised, as it were, for flight, she received the Quartermaster's assurance that she could proceed as soon as a sailing was available. She remained so poised, increasingly irritated, for about four months.

Her request for transportation was regular and legal. Funds to provide the same, by commercial carrier, existed. The Quartermaster responsible did not lack in energy. The difficulty was that the old line of boats which has, for a generation, plied between our West Coast and the Orient, found itself unable to offer a sailing. Its fine ships were tied up; its skilled crews dispersed or on strike. The law says: travel performed at Government expense shall be by vessels of United States registry, if the same are available. In this case — at, as they say, long last — it was conceded that the circumstances justified departure from the rule, and in early Autumn the lady proceeded westward on an Empress boat, under the Red Ensign of the British merchant

service. Sailing with her, under orders, was a naval lieutenant, his wife, and three small children, who, some time before, had actually been aboard a liner; and who, at the sailing hour, were set ashore, with all the other passengers and their effects: the jolly mariners had discovered that the crew's mess was not provided with table linen and embossed menu cards, and declined to work the ship under such brutal conditions; so that ship did not sail.

These are the mildest cases of public inconvenience that I know. The picture must be multiplied indefinitely before the true picture of the American Merchant Marine in its present situation is attained. Our Merchant Marine is sick and getting sicker. Its condition is not the least disquieting symptom of the American scene. When it is considered in the light of its great historical background, it is in tragic way.

The serious journals, the news columns, the trade papers, and, above all, the guarded minutes of the United States Maritime Commission, give statistics on our ships and seamen. Glum facts and figures regarding our sea-borne commerce burden the *Congressional Record*. Testimony touching upon

considerations of national defense sets forth the ultimate implications involved. And now William H. Clark presents a book called *Ships and Sailors*¹ which provides excellent collateral reading for any student of the problem. You will conclude, reading Mr. Clark, with the usual discount for special pleading, that a Merchant Marine, in a very special sense, has been a vital factor in most phases of the creation and development of this Republic.

You start with the Sixteenth Century, the century of our beginnings. Columbus had made his confused landfalls, and Captain Cabot had crossed the North Atlantic. Colonization waited only upon exact data. But, before the official discoverers, with their tall ships, their crown sanctions, and their syndicate backings, ventured the perilous seas, certain horny-handed fishermen in cockle-boats were on the ground, gleaning the banks off Newfoundland, and using the American harbors to salt and dry their catch and overhaul their gear for the run home. Early in the Fifteen Hundreds, and nobody knows how much earlier, English, Dutch, and Breton fishing-fleets were regular in North American waters, and the Fridays

¹ *Ships and Sailors*, by William H. Clark. \$3.50. L. C. Page.

of western Europe were graced with cod and haddock from the Grand Banks. In 1577 there were three hundred and fifty European ships drying out in the harbor which would be St. Johns. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, coming out in 1583 with an expedition, officially to discover Newfoundland, was welcomed to those waters by French and English skippers whose fathers before them had been there. The Puritans of Plymouth, attempting to extend their 1620 settlement, were forbidden Gloucester harbor by fishermen already long established on its shore. In 1607, the year Captain John Smith came to Jamestown, English fishermen, basing on the mouth of the Kennebec, built and launched for coast-wise work the *Virginia*, a pinnacle of thirty tons, the first of all-American merchant vessels. Mr. Clark concludes that, had the official discoverers now glamorous in history projected their preliminary researches into the low waterfront taverns of almost any west-European seaport, they would have found men who made the Atlantic voyage with the seasons, and knew from their fathers the tides, the winds, the shoals, and the havens of the fabulous New World.

Elsewhere the story is told of the establishment of the English colo-

nies, presently strung along the Atlantic littoral from Maine down to the Carolinas. They of the South, from the Chesapeake region on, found a bland country, producing food stuffs and pasturage, and yielding at once tobacco, indigo, and rice, crops readily translated into cash. But in the northern settlements, the great forests marched down to the beaches, the fields were bleak and stony, and it was hard to wrest a living from the cold, reluctant soil. The merchant service with the homeland was quite literally the life-line of the colonies: most necessities and all luxuries came across the sea, in exchange for tobacco from the Virginia plantations, and timber, fish, and peltries from New England. Inshore, there were no roads; the merchant ships provided the only link between the extended line of settlements. It followed that both necessity and convenience turned the New Englanders towards the sea.

In 1630, Governor John Winthrop of Boston built and launched on the Mystic River the ship *Blessing of the Bay*. She served the New England coast, and opened trade with the Dutch in Manhattan. She made money, a great deal of money, which previously had gone to British masters and owners. No

people on earth have been quicker to smell a profit than Governor Winthrop's associates, and within a few years shipyards were established from Maine to Connecticut, and there were two hundred American-built vessels in competition with some four hundred British cargo boats formerly alone in the trade. The English civil wars provided further stimulus; quarrels of King and Parliament interfered with the trans-Atlantic sailings, and the colonists, thrown on their own, extended their voyages to the West Indies and to European ports. When the English traders came back, with the restoration of order, they found their monopoly gone forever.

In 1650, Parliament passed an Act providing that all imports, from any source, into any part of the Empire, must be in English bottoms. The Act was aimed at the Dutch but under the urging of the British merchants, now awake to formidable competition within the Empire itself, laws were promulgated (1663) forbidding American ships to carry American products anywhere in the world except to England. The purpose was, simply and frankly, to keep the colonies in firm dependence upon the Mother Country, and beneficial to it: the Mother Country's attitude towards

her children was uniformly one of business. And if the laws had been enforced or obeyed, they would have served such an end. But the Americans, from the beginning, had the hard-headed idea of doing what was good for Americans; they gave the law no attention. The English enforcement-officials were powerless, and despondent royal governors reported that the exclusive employment of a great navy would be necessary to suppress illegal trade.

The colonial Merchant Marine, then, went strongly into the Eighteenth Century, through the first half of which the Empire was fighting a world war, and could spare neither ships nor men for excise duties in the western Atlantic. By the mid-century, Yankee skippers were trading all over the world, and the hostilities allowed them, also, to learn the privateering habit, and to dabble profitably around the fringes of piracy; and to get into the slaving business, hitherto a Crown monopoly. It followed that, setting her house in order after the general peace of 1764, the Empire determined to enforce the Navigation Acts, if it took all her navy to do it. The King's frigates, lately engaged with Dutch and French and Spaniard, were released to police the Western Ocean, supple-

mented by a host of home-port privateers; and every Yankee ship sailing in evasion of the laws was fair game. Since they were practically all so sailing, wrath and consternation swept the colonial ports, from Georgia up to Maine. The Americans were smitten in the pocket-book — ever a man's most sensitive region. Freight-rates went up, both coast-wise and oceanic. Unshipped cargoes glutted the docks. Commodity prices rose. And here you put your finger on one of the immediate and burning causes of the Revolution.

The historian must seek the causes for upheavals not in sentiment, nor even in principles; and the shrill utterances of politicians are but surface symptoms. The springs of revolutions and of wars lie in such things as freight-rates, and imposts; in the prices of fish and meat and oil and wheat and timber. When Parliament passed the Navigation Acts she sowed the seed of separation; when she attempted their enforcement, she made the thing inevitable. The economists of the Eighteenth Century had not created the jargon with which they ornament their thoughts today: they talked about liberty and the rights of man. H. M. Sloops-of-War *Gaspé* and *Liberty* and their sisters, ardent in

the King's revenue business off the American ports, implemented the fine abstractions of the eloquent American patriots.

Mr. Clark touches briefly on the part of the colonial marine in the Revolution; enough to show that it was a very important one. The colonies had no navy; England had the greatest in the world. A handful of sloops and frigates were built for service, and a few more, as Paul Jones' *Bon Homme Richard*, were purchased and armed abroad; and there were some notable single-ship actions still fragrant in naval memory. But first and last one thousand privateers were cleared from American ports, and no less than three thousand British merchant men were brought in, so that the anguished wails of English shippers and owners, augmented by the complaints of consumers, exerted ultimately a powerful influence for peace. The American privateers *Grand Turk*, *General Pickering*, *Julius Caesar*, hawking along the trade routes, deserve to be remembered with the *Ranger* and the *Wasp*, thinks Mr. Clark. The King's ships, and the loyal privateers, were sufficiently effective. Of thirty war vessels on the colonial naval list in 1776, only one was available at the end of the war: all the others had been captured or

sunk. And hundreds of American merchantmen and privateers were towed into British harbors. That the American flag did not disappear altogether from blue water is in itself strong testimonial to the tough resourcefulness of the Yankee skippers; that it made itself a decisive factor in the war at sea indicates something like genius. Further, lacking the treasure and munitions the merchant keels brought in, Washington's army could hardly have survived.

The years immediately after the Revolution were also critical years; England, having conceded independence grudgingly, set out by every means she found to scupper the American sea-borne trade, and the last decade of the century was as perilous for Yankee ships in European waters as the war-time had been. One result of the English search-and-seizure tactics was that American seamen, trying for free waters, opened the China trade, and for two generations afterwards dominated it. Their necessities, also, drove them to daring innovations in design; their ships had to outrun the British cruisers and still carry payloads, and the New England ship-builders rose magnificently to the occasion. The period between 1800 and 1860 was the American Merchant Marine's era

of glory; the years of the China clippers, of the whaling saga, of the North Atlantic packet-boats; of the old Triangular Trade—rum, negroes, and molasses—whereon certain eminently respectable modern fortunes are based. In 1861, American foreign tonnage in foreign trade was 2,496,894, and 66.5 per cent of imports and exports were carried in American bottoms. Here was the peak of the curve that began in 1630, with Governor Winthrop's *Blessing of the Bay*.

II

The American Civil War broke in 1861. The Confederate States had no navy, and beyond a few cruisers and harbor-defense craft could not develop one. The Federal Navy was in being, and expanded prodigiously for the war; but it was never equal to the double missions of close-blockade and commerce protection. The Federal decision was in favor of close-blockade, and the Federal Navy sealed, and presently reduced, the Confederate seaports. But certain Southern commerce destroyers, notably the cruisers *Alabama* and *Florida* and *Shenandoah*, ranged almost at will, and destroyed in the course of the war 110,000 tons of Northern shipping. They em-

ployed the tactics which, applied against English shipping during the Revolution, are admired by Americans to this day; but in the '60s, the indignant Yankees called it piracy, and uninstructed patriots still lay upon the Confederacy the decline of our Merchant Marine.

Not so at all, says Mr. Clark; the hundred-odd thousand tons were not decisive. There were other causes. The cotton trade lapsed. Northern capital, timorous of war risks, withdrew itself from shipping. Weighty then and afterwards was the sad fact that shipping, because of mounting construction and maintenance costs, offered no such return on investment as did railroads and municipal bonds and industrial projects safe ashore. In 1865, American merchant tonnage had shrunk to about a million and a half; more than seven hundred thousand tons had been sold abroad, and the year's per cent of imports and exports transported in American bottoms was down to 27.7. The matter was independent of the Civil War; the pioneers had come out upon the Pacific Ocean, and America was turned inland, away from the sea. Peace brought no revival. American shipbuilders were the last to shift from sail to steam. They are today the last to design for speed in freight carriers.

In recent years, the percentage of American goods carried by Americans has been as low as eight; to-day it is about thirty; and the prospects are not bright.

You plot the curve in a smooth despondent sweep, but the causes behind the curve are hard to simplify, and Mr. Clark's book tells an epic story, with a minimum of analysis. One could wish that he had devoted more attention to what I consider the most vexatious feature of the puzzle, and that is its personnel side.

There is something elemental about the sea: it is different. Even in the hard-living of the discovery era, the seaman's life was perhaps the hardest of all. The best of the vessels which made the great voyages were incredibly crank, comfortable, and insecure. The early types were not decked over, and the wretched mariners were blistered by tropic suns, chilled by the northern gales, and sheltered from spray and rain by nothing more than the bulwarks or the lee of a sail. They subsisted on salted foods, bad biscuit, and thin beer in the best-found craft; they died by hundreds of scorbutics and every filth-disease. Few won any material reward; the wonder is, through the ages, that they toiled so hard and so dangerously for so little. American

seamen showed very early an indisposition to put up with such things; but in the great decades of American shipping, the crews themselves were partners in the enterprise. Owners, masters, and crew shared proportionally in all ventures; and I believe this was always true of the New England whalers. As shipping organizations expanded, and were systematized, the joint-interest features disappeared; considerations of profit and loss, with mounting costs, diminishing returns, and the exactions of competition, all combined to bring sharper figuring to the business. Owners wanted cheap crews and fast schedules; and when it was found that the Limey and the Squarehead and the Portugee would sign for less and work about as hard as the Down-East hands, American names began to disappear from crews' registers. The Yankee masters and mates hung on—the seas of the world have never beheld such drivers of men—but the hands they drove were not generally Americans. The Yankee clippers had a name for the fastest sailing men have ever done; but they ran to other superlatives less salubrious. Then, around the turn of the century, earnest folk ashore began to interest themselves in poor Jack. Ship-

ping legislation, usually sponsored by prairie statesmen, provided that American ships go out proudly under American sailors, and that the said sailors enjoy living quarters and food of specified standards; with further refinements, such as minimum-pay scales. The provisions were admirable and humanitarian; except that when the shippers and owners met them and paid for them, there was nothing left over for the company; nothing to attract the capital requisite for maintenance and new construction. More lately, the trade unions have come into the picture; the Eternal Sea will be navigated at so many hours per week, and time and a half for overtime—that sort of thing; their brawling is an offense upon the waterfronts of two oceans. Concede that the owners and operators have been greedy to realize on their investments—as who is not? Grant that the seamen have been exploited—as persons below a certain level of mental capacity have been, since Creation, and will be. The fact is, our Merchant Marine is in a very bad way indeed. The only persons pleased are the foreign competitors. They are very pleased. They are getting the business, and it is a bad thing to be at their mercy for necessities.

The Republic fronts on two oceans. The Panama Canal, 2500 miles southward, is as much a part of our transportation system as the Southern Pacific Railroad. Honolulu, 2600 miles westward, is important. Alaska, up in the high latitudes, is important. There are the Philippines, 8000 miles; there are other insular interests. We are the greatest users of rubber in the

world. We grow no rubber in our possessions; nor is rubber the only deficiency in our normal needs. None of these places, or things, can be brought in by motor truck. Mr. Clark's pages tell vividly what the Merchant Marine has meant to the Republic in the past; and no great amount of imagination is required to visualize what it may mean in the future.

THE CHECK LIST

★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★ a fair performance. ☆ an unimportant book, but possessing some characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ CHARLES LAUGHTON AND I, by Elsa Lanchester. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Bruce*. Judging from these pages, dullness is inconceivable when Miss Lanchester is around, and this is especially true of her book. For the past ten years she has been Mrs. Laughton, and although *Charles Laughton and I* purports to be chiefly about the husband, the wife's personality dominates every word of it. The Laughtons study their parts, they find a house in the country, they go to New York, Hollywood, and Paris, and do the thousand other things that fill actors' lives — all of which Miss Lanchester describes in a bright, agile style that is the most delightful feature of a unique book.

★★★ SAILOR ON HORSEBACK, by Irving Stone. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Life and acts of Jack London, done capably, from the primary sources, by a good journalist. Jack London was important, by several standards. Financially, he started from scratch, threw away a really excellent opening as a mail-carrier, and before he died — also before fiction-writers generally achieved important money in this country — was able to make \$75,000, and to spend \$100,000, a year. In the literature line, he was the most widely-read American of his generation, and he produced at least one book, *Sea Wolf*, that is literature — a good score for any man. Mr. Stone shows that all his

writing was autobiographical: his characters did what he had done himself, or what he would like to have done. Yet all his faiths betrayed him. Health and virility were his fetishes; and his big blond body gave out prematurely, nor could he get a son by any of the women he had. He loved his fellow man and worked at Socialism; and his friends, relatives, and beneficiaries sucked his blood as so many hookworms. The end of all his achievement was bitterness, and a dose of poison in the dark.

★★★ EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, by Hermann Hagedorn. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson was of such quality that it could not be overlooked, even in a generation notoriously indifferent to poets, and it is time a biography of him appeared. The inner Robinson eludes Mr. Hagedorn from time to time — not surprisingly since the poet was a complex person — but altogether he has written a colorful account of Robinson's life and vicissitudes, with minor emphasis on his poetry. Robinson's years as a penniless unknown — at one time he even labored on the New York subway — naturally make the best reading, but for such a retiring man the poet lived a remarkably full life. Mr. Hagedorn covers it all, capably.

★★★ BLOOD AND STEEL: THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF KRUPP, by Bernard Menne. \$3.00. *Lee Furman*. In the year 1587 there was a member of the merchant's guild of Essende named Arndt Krupp, who was diligent in business, and dealt in groceries. With the early 1600's the Thirty Years' War broke over Germany, and his son Anton turned to a trade offering higher profits, the manufacture of weapons. In another century the Krupps were oriented permanently on arms; Alfred Krupp, he of the Nineteenth Century, was the familiar of Kings and War Lords; his son was Armorer to the Central Empires. An impressive study of a family continuity: an impressive study, also, of an industry which, as other industries,

meets a demand with a supply, and which, again as other industries, is suspected of working intricately to create that demand.

★★★ CHIANG KAI-SHEK, by Hollington K. Tong. 2 vols. \$6.00. *The China Publishing Co., Shanghai*. The authorized biography of the Chinese Generalissimo, with the virtues and the faults peculiar to authorized biographies. The narrative stops short of the 1937 Incident at Lukouchiao. It appears somewhat over-written, and the material to lack selectivity — but no more so than some Western biographies which could be named. Nothing so complete and so authoritative has yet been offered on the subject. Chiang is much-discussed, little known. Unquestionably, he is one of the great men of his generation, and while he lives, the Japanese victories are barren.

★★ SUCH SWEET COMPULSION, by Geraldine Farrar. \$3.00. *Greystone Press*. Miss Farrar writes with one finger on the exclamation point, and her style is fulsome and breathless. Nevertheless she has an unbeatable life-story to tell — local girl makes good in music, the hardest art of all. Although she makes her triumphs seem more a matter of divine compulsion than of her own efforts, it is clear that she worked tremendously, and gave up much, to achieve her success. Miss Farrar practically closes the book with her retirement; her later years — the quietest, but from all indications the most interesting of her life — are sketched in hurriedly. For readers who find the musical world glamorous there are names and pictures galore.

★★ THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PURPOSE, by William Alanson White. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Dr. White and psychiatry developed together and he should have an engrossing story to tell about both. This autobiography, however, lacks color and cohesion and will disappoint all but serious students of psychiatry, who may find a few nuggets hidden in it.

FICTION

★★★★★ THE CROWNING OF A KING, by Arnold Zweig. \$2.50. *Viking*. From his exile in Palestine, Herr Zweig issues the fourth of his World War novels: *Sergeant Grischa*, *Education Before Verdun*, and *Young Woman of 1914* are the others. No finer writing has come out of that convulsion, in any language. This tale is again of the Eastern Front. The protagonist is Captain Wilfried, the young Bavarian, who may be remembered. But the dominating figure is General Klauss, and Herr Zweig's model for him is the furious and superbly gifted Hoffmann, who conceived and executed Tannenberg: if the German Army had a genius in that war, it was Hoffmann. The book is of the great days of 1918, when the German hopes were highest, and the German aspect most dangerous, immediately before all crashed into ruin. Ideologically, it is a castigation of the Pan-German aspirations. As art forms, and as interpretations of social movements, the novels of Herr Zweig are outstanding in our time.

★★★ THE GENERAL'S LADY, by Esther Forbes. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The story of Morganna, the wicked but very brave wife of General Milroy, who, for love of an English officer, betrayed her husband, and paid the penalty. The scene is Worcester, Massachusetts, at the close of the Revolution. The book is peopled with characters who really live, and shows a wide knowledge of the customs and folk lore of early New England. Very readable.

★★★ TIDES OF MONT ST. MICHEL, by Roger Vercel. \$2.50. *Random House*. The outstanding piece of French fiction to reach our shores this season. Roger Vercel tells of a young couple, hit by the depression, who are forced to live at Mont St. Michel, the husband acting as guide. He succumbs to the enchantment of the little island, while his wife, oppressed by their limited way of life, drifts away from him. A well-told story, and a satisfying book.

★★★ DIVIDE BY TWO, by Mildred Gilman. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. A thirteen-year-old boy-tyrant succeeds in making life pretty miserable for his mother and step-father with whom he lives in a Connecticut village. Nor do his other set of city parents escape his histrionic adolescence. Diverting, and nicely written.

★★★ MY SON, MY SON!, by Howard Spring. \$2.50. *Viking*. An emotional story of two men who loved their sons not wisely but too well. Settings in Manchester, Ireland during the Rebellion, Cornwall, and wartime London; the chronicle journeys through the last fifty years. Mr. Spring always writes colorfully — and for the first half of the 600 pages — superbly.

★★★ YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN, by Dorothy Baker. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Presented here as fiction is the career of the late Bix Beiderbecke, the Mohammed, as it were, of Swing. A musical young man of no particular background, he was nevertheless one of those who impressed himself upon the social manners of this fevered age. Miss Baker tells his story with force and skill and a fine simplicity. Her Young Man with his Horn qualifies for that distinguished company of poets whose souls are flame, burning too bright and hot, and burning out too soon.

★★★ A DAY OF BATTLE, by Vincent Sheean. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The day is May 11, 1745; the battle Fontenoy, where the French beat an English Army in the field, the first time since St. Louis. Vincent Sheean has done a bit of historical reconstruction entirely creditable. What interests him, and what will interest his readers, is not so much the tactical gambits, as the complexity of human motives behind a great assault at arms. Maurice de Saxe, that glamorous bastard of King August the Strong, desires to prove a tactical conception. Louis XV, there present, wishes to fling a victory for a love-gift at the feet of

his latest mistress, Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. And an hundred thousand common men, doing the fighting, want this and that: so it goes. Good writing, on a sound base.

★★★ TORCHLIGHT TO VALHALLA, by Gale Wilhelm. \$2.00. *Random House*. The blurb identifies Miss Gale Wilhelm with Radcliffe Hall and *The Well of Loneliness*, which is unjust: Miss Wilhelm writes a tender and beautiful story that stands on its own legs. But her people have special problems. The fine girl Morgan should have loved the fine boy Royal, who ministered to her in her necessities and was otherwise adequate; but she didn't. She loved the bouncing maiden Toni. No help for it, but, since Sappho on Lesbos, such affairs have caused comment.

★★★ PRAY TO THE EARTH, by Evelyn Eaton. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. It is unusual in this age of hard-boiled know-it-all heroes to read of the doings of a dull-witted peasant. Yet this author has created an appealing character in a simple boy from Provence who runs away from his family unprepared for the world he is to face. Easy reading.

★★★ THE SURVIVORS, by Rene Behaine. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. An imposing study of French aristocracy in the provinces. M. Behaine writes knowingly about these people, bound to Catholicism and custom, unaware of the passing of centuries. The translation, by Edward Crankshaw, is first-rate.

★★★ THE UGLY DACHSHUND, by G. B. Stern. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. A great Dane (who believes he is a Dachshund) is the hero of this fable story. Five dachshunds, a griffon, aptly named Voltaire, and an alluring mongrel bitch are other important members of the cast. A clever and charming piece of writing.

★★ SEEK-NO-FURTHER, by Constance Robertson. \$2.50. *Farrar and Rinehart*. A solid novel laid in one of the Utopian communities that abounded in the Nineteenth Century.

★★ PAVEMENTS AT ANDERBY, by Winifred Holtby. Edited by H. S. Reid and Vera Brittain. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Skilful short stories by the late author of *Mandoa*, *Mandoa* and *South Riding*. More suited to English tastes than to American.

★★ PRAY FOR THE WANDERER, by Kate O'Brien. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. To recuperate from a love-affair, a sophisticated Irish playwright returns to his childhood home. His visit in this Catholic entourage causes emotional conflict—particularly to a beautiful young woman. Not very important, but pleasant enough.

★★ WOMAN ABOUT TOWN, by Allis McKay. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Leila Gersten, a luminary of commercial-art circles in Chicago, has a boy friend and can't keep him: yet while it lasts, how it was sweet! Otherwise, as hard-drinking a set of summer fiction people as the reader will ever meet.

★★ SAINTS IN SUMMER-TIME, by Brinckerhoff Jackson. \$2.50. *Norton*. A Liberal editor vacations with his wife's erratic family in a Central European town. The story is a pot-pourri of love and politics with a Continental flavor.

★ THE LIBERALS, by John Hyde Preston. \$2.50. *John Day*. A playwright seeking escape from himself hides away in a labor-torn Connecticut town. There he finds love and a strike. Mr. Preston makes his Labor sympathizers a dazzling white and his Capitalists an awful black, with the result that his characters and their arguments carry small conviction either way. His writing, which in the past has at times been excellent, is in this case colorless.

THE OPEN FORUM

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION CONCERNING PREP SCHOOLS

SIR: There can be no question of the propriety of attempting to deal with the Lew Morris article, "Don't Send Your Boy to Prep School", in your October issue. I regret that I cannot do so adequately. The article is a vicious and libelous slander and contains incredibly filthy untruths. It is smart and specious, and will be believed by those unfamiliar with the facts. It is misrepresentative *in toto*, and a scandalous lie in particular. Without attempting a detailed rebuttal, Morris' statements are unbalanced and ignorant.

Totalitarian *Führers!* Unmitigated hooley! Undoubtedly Mr. Morris is a Jew. It seems hardly worthwhile discussing it. These great schools have a commodity to offer: the education, care, and training of youth. Practically none of them are run for profit and many of them depend on substantial help to meet their budgets. No parent need send his boy to prep school, and perhaps in many cases should not. But having done so, if he does not co-operate he is a fool; or if he finds arrangements unsuitable, his recourse is the removal of his boy from the school. No one, and particularly no boys, can have legitimate complaints of excessive regimentation or regulation at any of the schools which are, at least by implication, the subject of the article.

THOMAS RUDD, JR.

Great Barrington,
Massachusetts.

SIR: Speaking for certain members of our class of The ——— School, we wish to endorse heartily the article appearing in the October MERCURY under the title "Don't Send Your Boy to Prep School". It fully describes the existing conditions here, and

enumerates many of the faults of the school. Thanking you for defending us, we are,

_____,
_____,
_____,
VIA WESTERN UNION: AM AMAZED THAT YOU WOULD CONSENT TO PUBLISH THAT LIBELOUS ATTACK ON AMERICAS FINE INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING BY LEW MORRIS STOP HE BRANDS HIMSELF NOT ONLY AS A CONSUMMATE IGNORAMUS BUT ALSO AS A CONTEMPTIBLE LIAR STOP WILL YOU KINDLY SEE THAT HE RECEIVES THIS EXPRESSION.

COL. T. J. ROLLER

President Association Military
Schools of the U. S. A.

Augusta Military Academy,
Virginia.

SIR: I agree with Mr. Morris that Junior had better be sent to the local high school, where, to be sure, he won't escape the incessant ringing of bells, which Mr. Morris chooses to regard as sinister agents of Nazidom, nor yet the adolescents' preoccupation with, and discussion of, sex, nor a school paper whose editorial policies are dictated by a faculty adviser. But Junior will find that the average local high school is better equipped than the average prep school, that its teachers are better, because they are paid more. After that, it will be up to Junior to make the most of the education offered him.

Mr. Morris would have been more constructive had he advised parents not to send their sons to any prep schools which are run for private profit, which get their boarding

pupils by advertising for them — which, in short, are run for the benefit of their operators and not for the sole benefit of the boys who go to them. Unless prep schools are heavily endowed, and only a few “high-toned” ones are, they cannot compete with taxpayers’ schools. Some prep schools in this country deserve to be investigated and written up by a Dickens or Zola. Still others are merely taking money from harassed and irresponsible parents for running concentration camps, and many others are simply taking money for services which can be had, better, for nothing.

I speak from experience, having attended one of the oldest, most heavily endowed, and, I suppose, toniest prep schools in the country, a public high school, and a prep school run for the profit of one family.

RIVES MATTHEWS

*Hastings-on-Hudson,
New York.*

SIR: Concerning “Don’t Send Your Boy to Prep School” by Lew Morris, I wonder if you have ever thought that what THE MERCURY might consider to be a voice in the wilderness, might upon further investigation prove to be the braying of a jackass? I wonder if you ever heard of fair play? I wonder if Lew Morris ever heard that before one speaks in such a way one ought to know something about the situation? I wonder if he ever investigated the difference between an exclusive preparatory school and the preparatory school? I would like to meet him sometime, and if you will extend to him my invitation to visit me, I would appreciate it very much.

As for THE MERCURY, a real magazine would not need to go in for this kind of thing at all. I object to the thoroughgoing injustice of the article, its one-sidedness, and its very apparent objective, which is increase in circulation through scare-heads.

CLARENCE E. TOBIAS, JR.

*Headmaster, Perkiomen School
Pennsburg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I beg to state that I have been in the preparatory-school game for about fifteen years. Before that time I spent thirteen years in public-school work. I think Mr. Morris makes some statements which are absolutely true when he speaks of the fashionable preparatory school, many of which are run more or less as money-making rackets. However, I think that he is a little unfair in that he generalizes more than he should. There are many prep schools which are honestly doing a great work and are saving hundreds of boys who would otherwise go through life without the chance even of a high-school education.

JAS. F. RISHER

Headmaster, Carlisle School

*Bamberg,
South Carolina.*

SIR: Mr. Morris’ article is written in such manner as to offer no threat to the prestige or prosperity of well-established private preparatory schools. The style is sophomoric and indicates a desire to attract attention to the writer more than a desire to reveal the truth. It might be well to remind Mr. Morris that private schools have been rendering excellent service in the United States since the early Colonial days — approximately three hundred years. The article will not affect the attendance in private schools or the desire of discerning parents to enroll their boys in these schools. I would hazard the guess that THE MERCURY stands to lose more from its publication than the schools.

C. R. ENDSLEY

*Superintendent, Tennessee Military Institute
Sweetwater,
Tennessee.*

SIR: Mr. Morris chastises the expensive Boarding Schools and overlooks the equally numerous Country Day Schools, which are also called Preparatory Schools. Hence I am in better position to reply to his charges than if he had pilloried the latter: I cannot be accused of partiality for Boarding Schools, since they are the predatory busi-

ness-competitors of the Country Day Schools, which I represent.

There is much half-truth in what Mr. Morris says about the Boarding Schools, but he ruins his case by making his criticism entirely destructive. He takes treacherous ground when he revels in the paucity of distinguished alumni of Preparatory Schools. The colleges whose students are largely drawn from Preparatory Schools stand far above the rest in the number of their alumni recorded in *Who's Who*. Harvard, heading the list, enrolls more Preparatory-School students than any other college in the country. What Mr. Morris might have said is that the Boarding School is an inadequate substitute for God's plan of the home, especially when the latter is supported by a good Day School. The proper *locus* for an adolescent is the bosom of his family. Doubtless among the Boarding-School heads vituperated by Mr. Morris there are men better qualified to help occasional boys than are their own fathers; but not generally. The sacrifice paid by the Boarding-School boy lies not only in the cultural wealth he forsakes in the environment of his home, but in the loss of the domestic experience, the full force of which may not be felt until he attempts to set up a home of his own.

GREVILLE HASLAM

*Headmaster, The Episcopal Academy
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I would say that while there is an element of truth in "Don't Send Your Boy to Prep School", it is just an ordinary diatribe. It is a combination of libel, misinformation, misunderstanding, and ill-will. A worse (or better?) diatribe could be written on each of the remedies, the local high school and the father's and mother's efforts at educating their son. There is scarcely a constructive idea in the article.

A. M. HITCH

*Superintendent, Kemper Military School
Boonville,
Missouri.*

SIR: I have read "Don't Send Your Boy to Prep School" with great interest. What Mr. Morris says may be true of a few preparatory schools. It certainly is unjust to the majority.

BYRON S. HOLLINSHEAD

*President, Keystone Junior College
La Plume,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I have taught in "exclusive" prep schools for eleven years, and I have been wanting someone to write the truth about these places all that time. Mr. Lew Morris has done it, and congratulations to THE MERCURY for having had the courage to publish his article.

These sentiments I express to you are truthful, but the name I sign herewith is not.

JOHN SMITH

New England.



UNPOPULARITY CONTEST

SIR: Glad to comply with Mr. James K. MacDonald's suggestion in your October issue, to vote for the extermination of the worst ten pests who currently occupy our hair. I want to win that hat which Mr. MacDonald offers, for I have a better list than he has:

Harold Ickes
Barney Baruch
Dorothy Thompson
Rabbi Stephen Wise
Fiorello La Guardia
Vito Marcantonio
Bishop Manning
Heywood Broun
Gin-ral Hugh Johnson
Frances Perkins

Do I get that hat, Mr. MacDonald?

ERIC F. WONTHALER

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

SIR: In response to Mr. MacDonald's letter, I submit my entries in the Public Pain-

in-the-Neck Contest. In selecting the "worst ten" I am a bit handicapped by the discrimination against the Roosevelts. May I suggest a "Worst Roosevelt" Contest? In case it is held, I might book bets on various members of the clan, with the following odds—subject to change without notice following each Fireside Chat:

F. D. Roosevelt, LL.D.	1-1
Anna•Roosevelt Dall Boettiger....	5-1
Son Jimmy.....	5-2
Materfamilias Eleanor	1-5

Here are my entries for the present contest:

Walter Winchell
Dale Carnegie
H. V. Kaltenborn
Harold Ickes
Bernarr Macfadden
Dorothy Thompson
Madame Perkins
John L. Lewis
Elsie Robinson
Gertrude Stein

PRENTICE L. G. SMITH

*New Orleans,
Louisiana.*

SIR: May I have my fling at America's Worst Ten? Herewith is my contribution:

Harold Ickes
J. David Stern
Samuel Untermyer
Aubrey Williams
Madame Perkins
David Lasser
Harry Hopkins
Dorothy Thompson
Frank Gannett

W. B. MURDOCK

*White Plains,
New York.*

SIR: The ten names below are those of the people who lead the list of my personal Unpopularity Contest. Perhaps you agree with them. Anyway, here they are:

Congressman Dies
Barbara Hutton Mdivani Reventlow

Christopher Morley
Louella O. Parsons
Mark Sullivan
Granville Hicks
Eddie Guest
Lucius Beebe
Boake Carter
Kyle Crichton Forsythe

BENEDICT BARRETT

*Altoona,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: Here is my list. Do you dare print it?

Albert Jay Nock
Channing Pollock
H. L. Mencken
Lawrence Dennis
William Henry Chamberlin
Harold Lord Varney
Eugene Lyons
Gordon Carroll
Ernest Boyd
The Editor of THE MERCURY

HAROLD MASON

New York City

(EDITOR'S NOTE. There were hundreds of other lists, but space will not permit our publishing them. The tabulation of votes, brought up to date, is presented herewith. We have not listed names of candidates who have received less than ten votes; there isn't room—altogether, some 135 distinguished Americans have been nominated.

<i>Candidates</i>	<i>Votes</i>
Fiorello H. La Guardia.....	93
Heywood Broun	84
Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.....	69
Tom Mooney	68
Harold Ickes	68
Barbara Hutton Mdivani Reventlow	54
Admiral Richard Byrd.....	53
Bernarr Macfadden	51
Elsa Maxwell	48
Edgar A. Guest	40
Upton Sinclair	38
Ernest Hemingway	36

Major Bowes	35
Dale Carnegie	35
Gertrude Stein	35
Madame Perkins	34
Maury Maverick	30
Cecil B. De Mille	28
Norman Bel Geddes	23
Dorothy Thompson	21
William E. Borah	18
Walter Damrosch	16
Nicholas Murray Butler	16
Tommy Manville	15
Harry Hopkins	15
Louella Parsons	14
Benny Cohen	14
Tommy Corcoran	14
Jim Farley	13
Governor Earle	13
Walter Winchell	12
Vito Marcantonio	11
Mark Sullivan	11
Bishop Manning	11
Granville Hicks	11
Charlie McCarthy	11
The Editor of THE MERCURY	10

As the reader will note at once, the Little Flower of Manhattan retains his lead, established at the very beginning of the contest. Broun seems to be definitely stymied in second place, which is not so bad when you consider the illustrious gents who are behind him. One of the most startling gains was that made by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who leapt from eighteenth place to third. Perhaps even more striking than this was Mrs. B. H. M. Reventlow's meteoric rise from no votes at all to fifty-four. Edgar A. Guest received the solid poet vote, our election experts tell us; while Maury Maverick practically swept the great State of Texas. Some of the other newcomers, such as Louella Parsons and Tommy Manville, we hardly know; but all of them seem to have staunch supporters. As for the ten votes received for the last name on the list—we are ready to swear on a Bible that ten was all—we suppose it serves us right.

Next month: final contest figures—announcing the Grand Winner.)

AMERICAN JEWS

SIR: One thing should be said, must be said, cannot be said too often, about the Jews in America. It is that any discrimination against them is an attack on the foundations of this Republic, and a latent threat to the safety of every American.

The American Republic is founded upon the right of each individual to his share in the basic human rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When any race, creed, group, or class is segregated in our country, each of us is in danger of losing his own rights, for each of us can be regarded as part of a race, religion, or class, instead of as a human being. When Jews are shut out of hotels and neighborhoods, Catholics can be shut out, or Baptists, or Missourians, or Yankees, or Germans, or Irish, or Californians—any group. When our universities admit Jews only in restricted quotas, none of us any longer has equality of opportunity in America, for barriers erected today against any whole section of our population can be closed tomorrow against any other section.

In America, and only in America, human beings have had a right to be regarded as human beings, each on his own merits, regardless of race or any other classification. This right is the very foundation of every good which we enjoy as Americans, in contrast to the rest of the world. It is American to say whatever you like against Abraham Levy or Patrick O'Reilly if he deserves it—blackball him from your clubs, shut him out of your schools and universities, kick him downstairs, tar and feather him. But when you attack him, not on his own merits, but as an unknown person classified by race or religion, remember that you are attacking America and ultimately endangering your own opportunities, peace, liberty, and safety.

My own family was Scotch Coventor, persecuted for religion; it was American Revolutionist in 1776, and Northern in 1861. Our enemy today is no longer the Established Church, nor British soldiers, nor slav-

ery; it is this importation from Fascist Germany called anti-Semitism.

ROSE WILDER LANE

*Danbury,
Connecticut.*



ANSCHLUSS WITH CANADA

SIR: I do not wish to criticize Richard W. Scott for his article "Anschluss With Canada?" which, so far as he is concerned, is well-founded. Nor do I wish to give anyone who may read this the impression that I look with disfavor upon final union between the United States and Canada. It is very likely inevitable, as is fusion of peoples in other parts of the world. However, I do not wish to see it take place for some time to come and I do not think that it will. I believe that my reasons are just as important as Mr. Scott's for thinking as he does.

At the present time it seems to me we have little to offer each other except economic advantage, which sane legislation by our governments could give us anyhow. You Americans would not accept the imposition of our judicial system, neither do we want yours. We admire your enterprise, but dislike that same enterprise when it overflows into intemperance and destructiveness. We have enough of it here, and cannot afford to contend with any more. Canadians envy your wonderful roads, but there are some of us who do not admire the spectacle of cars covered with the bodies of slain deer. We may be forgiven if we wonder what is going to happen to our natural wonderlands after reading what some of your own nature lovers think of what you have done to some of your best game country and fishing grounds. We even play games differently here. We are short on fancy stadiums, but I honestly believe that a greater percentage of us *play*. We admittedly do not have the experts that you do, but we have a lot of fun.

In conclusion I may say that I look forward to "Anschluss", but not until we both have something to learn from and to give each other. We are still like two young

brothers speaking the same language, and from the same stock, but like those same two brothers we will be better off on separate paths for a while yet.

ERIC MAKOVSKI

*West Vancouver,
British Columbia.*



CHASTITY

SIR: Will Mr. Leaverton of Colorado, an Open Forum correspondent of the October issue, be kind enough to justify his statement: "It (the sexual urge) ought to be considered as necessary as eating and sleeping." Why? Perhaps I'm stupid, but will someone tell me why?

I agree that eating and sleeping are necessary — vitally necessary. But I deny that death results from sexual abstinence, as it would result from abstinence from food or sleep. If we can live without one of them, but can't possibly live without the other two, how can they be considered to be equally important?

CHARLES J. SHEEDY JR.

*Woodhaven,
Long Island.*



POEM

SIR: Ah sees a lot o' weepin' in
De good ole MER-cu-ry,
But look yah, boy! Ah knows mah stuff
Ah'm strong fo' Franklin D!

CORNELIUS A. SULLIVAN

*Boston,
Massachusetts.*



THE ORDER OF SAPS

SIR: "Only Saps Work", in the November MERCURY, rings the bell. May I suggest the organization of the Amalgamated Order of Saps with your anonymous correspondent as President? I apply for the job of Secretary and, being a Sap, will work just for the pleasure of it. Here are my qualifications: At fifteen I quit school and went to work as apprentice in a newspaper office. I started at five in the morning; my day ended at

6:30 in the evening; I got three dollars a week, and paid two-and-a-half for board. I spent my evenings in the company of these gentlemen, of whom you may have heard: Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Cooper, Poe, Tennyson, Smollet, Cervantes, Hugo, Dumas, and others. I realize now what a dreadful waste of time this was; I might have been hanging over a bar agitating for higher wages and greater opportunity.

Having learned the trade of printer I found I would have to belong to something to get a job, and that my competence had nothing to do with it. So I said, "To hell with this", and quit. The boss asked me to sell advertising. I did. I was soon making double what I made as a printer.

Then I wrote a news-story. The editor, who knew a sap when he saw one, hauled me up on the carpet. "You should be a reporter," he said. So I said "All right I'm a reporter". Well, to make a long story short I was a reporter, special writer, county-news editor, city editor, telegraph editor, and managing editor successively. As managing editor I again came into contact with unionism. The linotypers would quit with a hook full of copy or demand time-and-a-half pay. And I found out somebody in the basement was getting more than I was, just for belonging to something. So I said "To hell with *this*." And I quit.

I've never had a job since. I have earned a good living writing advertising for clients of my own. I have taken care of two families nearly all my adult life and am still doing it. I'm paying Social Security, Income Tax, Real Estate Tax, to say nothing of all concealed taxes.

Now, am I a Sap or not?

ROLLO

Middletown,
New York.

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THE REAL TROPICS

SIR: When will some bright writer really give a true description of the "Beautiful Tropics"? Philip Acquila Kempster, in the August *MERCURY* tells about the usual

stretch of white, gleaming sand and other indispensables of the Enchanted-Isle Legend. Yet I have done quite a bit of traveling in the South Seas, and I have still to see a beach there that was not composed of a substance that is a cross between sea-slime and ordinary black mud. The translucent blue waters of the Tropics are nice, but the water *should* be blue from all the oil that is dumped into it by boats in harbor. The oil settles on top, and in order to swim one must go about three miles out, where sharks, barracuda, and killer-rays abound. Of course, it is possible to find fresh-water swimming in the interior of an Enchanted Isle, but it is best to take a supply of quinine and watch out for crocodiles.

The "picturesque" little homes of the natives would make any civilized health officer foam at the mouth. Native food consists as a rule solely of rice and *papua*, dried in any hole in the ground. The natives themselves are low mentally and morally; every white man, to them, is looking at all times for drink and women, and one cannot walk down a native street without being accosted at every turn. As for the cheapness of living, the only stores that are clean enough for a white man to enter charge outrageous prices. Mr. Kempster speaks of his home on stilts. We call them *nipa* *shacks* out here, and they are constructed that way to keep the rodents out.

Altogether Mr. Kempster writes like a man well contented with his life as a native. Here we call his type "Sun-Shiners", not Beachcombers, and that is just another name for those odd members of the Caucasian race who go native. Most of the writers who write of Beachcombers and Tropical Isles have never seen either, and if they have it has been as a tourist who was allowed to see only what was best for him. But when a man lives in the Tropics he sees what the tourists never see and what is *never* written about. It would spoil the glamour.

ROBERT G. ROBEL

Manila,
Philippine Islands.

ORCHIDS

SIR: Noting that you are fair enough to publish in the Open Forum sincere criticism of your magazine, I submit this:

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE AMERICAN
MERCURY

THE MERCURY is one of the most interesting and baffling phenomena in the history of American journalism. Following it for many years, I have gone through the gamut of mingled feelings: first, admiration and awe before the brilliant pen of H. L. Mencken; then a feeling of surcease from the endless torrent of abuse of everything in sight; still later surprise at the capacity for so much intellectual biliousness; then a feeling of irritation at the assumed intellectual aloofness toward all who are out of tune with your social and political philosophy; still later shock and dismay to see the erstwhile progressive crusader turn into a reactionary spitfire; and finally a feeling of sorrow at seeing so much intellectual energy wasted in a cataract of destructive criticism of principles that humanity has built up through centuries of progress.

None of your present contributors succeeds in hiding his biased judgment or defective reasoning. Yet it is a striking and crying fact that a body of capable writers, who at their own admission (implied by their writings) are the intellectual cream of America, should devote their energy and talents to baiting and sniping everything liberal and humanitarian. The effects of too much MERCURY begin to show themselves in involuntary drooling of contempt and vituperation on the part of your literary staff, and salivation of disgust on the part of your many readers. May we hope that you will some day be sublimated and melted over into a nobler American Metal with some alloy of human sympathy and liberalism.

M. SCHOLTZ

*Arcadia,
California.*

SIR: On the whole I like THE MERCURY or I wouldn't have subscribed again. As the extreme representative of what is loosely known as reaction—and doubtlessly regarded by you as plain common sense—it would have a nuisance value, of course. If it did nothing else it would show what was being done and thought in order to hold the waters back till they break the dam. But while that value is there I do find it intrinsically interesting. You are durned nearly the only publication that comes right out and espouses the cause of this country as a country of its own and against the more or less present status of a British Province. (Maybe we'll achieve Dominion Status after a while.) Well, that's quite a lot.

Of course it is not true *in toto* that THE MERCURY is devoted to reaction. Far from it. THE MERCURY prints about as many articles—and maybe more—that throw real light on things than any other magazine I know. Anyhow, it performs a function that needs to be performed just now.

HERMAN HAUSSMAN

*Cottonwood,
Idaho.*

SIR: I almost quit reading your mag, it got so weak in the knees the last few months. But this October number looks like you had been holding out the good stuff to make a real broadside. As a whole, I consider THE MERCURY provocative rather than informative. It educates by indirection by stimulating thought. If THE MERCURY does not make a man think, he better spend his time reading the pulps or some of the pornographic "confessions".

F. J. LEE

*New Orleans,
Louisiana.*



ARE WE OVER-CIVILIZED?

SIR: In your October issue, Alan Devoe advances the thesis that we are over-civilized. I am inclined to believe that the con-

trary is the case. Our civilization has not kept pace with the rapid advance of our scientific knowledge.

Brilliant as Mr. Devoe's exposition is, I cannot help feeling that to some extent, at least, he has sacrificed the accuracy of his conclusions to the attractiveness of his effects. It is true that, as far as their own civilization went, our ancestors were generally better off; their form of civilization was more in accord with the limitations of their experience, but it did not go very far. Progress was slow, and allowed ample time for adjustment.

Today our civilization is out of joint, but in all probability man's adjustment to his environment has always been more or less out of joint. Perhaps at the moment it is more so than usual, and adjustment becomes increasingly difficult, but man has always arisen from the ashes of his dead past, and there is no turning back. We must go on, even to disaster. Rather than admit defeat let us follow the dictate of Robert Browning "The past gone, seize today".

JAMES O. G. GIBBONS

*Bloomfield,
New Jersey.*



WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

SIR: It's a feather in your cap to have printed the article by Lawrence Dennis, "How to Rig a Bull Market", in the September issue. It is the most detached and impartially-objective analysis of our business situation as a whole, viewed from the financial angle, to be printed in any magazine in this country.

I should like to add just one thing to what Mr. Dennis said about inflation and defeciteering. From the standpoint of economic reality, it makes no difference whether the government borrows the money (credit) and spends it, as now, for public works and Relief; or whether private industry borrows the money (credit) from the same banking system to issue bonds and stocks for new enterprises. In both

cases, the national community is loaded with just so much more debt that ultimately must be reflected and paid for in retail prices—if paid for at all. Due to certain very powerful factors in the present economic situation—like the rapid rate of technological advancement—it is doubtful if private investment, under the orthodox financial system, will ever again venture to expand in sufficient volume to offset the chronic shortage of buying power which exists even in good times. Today possible investors in capital goods fear that they cannot recover their costs because of failure to find a market for the new consumers' goods which their new capital goods would ultimately produce. Capital goods do not automatically create a sufficient market for consumers' goods. It is consumers with buying power who produce all the income for owners.

It is at this point that our system of debt-capitalism has broken down—it would seem for good. There is no financial mechanism today which can create adequate effective demand among consumers in the face of the disappearance of wages and salaries resulting from the use of improved "labor-saving" machinery. With decreasing buying-power among consumers, income for owners and investors tends to approach zero. At this juncture Mr. Roosevelt steps in with his borrowing and spending as a stop-gap. He turns loose a certain amount of new debt-money obtained from the banks called "government funds", and thus keeps the system going for a time. While Conservatives are the chief beneficiaries of this procedure, they seem to lack the brains to understand just what has brought up, for the time being, the income-producing value of their property.

The next really sound and constructive step must be a method of financing the consumer in an automatic-machine economy without adding to retail prices—even reducing them—and without building up the debt structure. Does it seem an insoluble problem? Well, I suggest that you familiar-

ize yourself with the writings of Major C. H. Douglas to get the answer.

H. D. DEKKER

Portland,
Oregon.



CORRECTION DEPARTMENT

SIR: The article by Harold Lord Varney, "Radicals in Our Churches", grossly misrepresents the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

By way of correction, the main thing to be said is that the Federal Council is completely under the direction of the official representatives of the denominations comprising it. Both the Council and its Executive Committee are made up exclusively of members appointed by the highest authority of the co-operating churches. Thus Mr. Varney's description of the Council as "undemocratic" is the opposite of the truth. As further illustrations of his errors of fact or interpretation about the Federal Council, I mention the following:

1. The allegation that the employed secretariat holds the control is groundless. Every member of the secretariat is elected by the Council's large Executive Committee, and holds office for a single biennium.

2. Mr. Varney is wholly wrong in saying that the "actual authority in the organization is vested in the President". Aside from presiding at meetings the President has no authority, except as it may be delegated to him by the Council or the Executive Committee.

3. Mr. Varney erroneously described the "United Youth Movement" as having been organized under the inspiration of the Council. It was created by the International Council of Religious Education.

4. Mr. Varney falsifies the attitude of Prof. William Adams Brown concerning the Council's Department of Research and Education. When he spoke of schools and colleges as "particularly susceptible to the type of approach which the Research Department offers", he was saying they appreciate

an approach that is objective, impartial, and scientific.

5. Mr. Varney's criticism of the Council for its association with Toyohiko Kagawa and Dr. E. Stanley Jones is a tribute. Neither one needs any defense in any Christian circle.

6. The reference to the Council as "evading the issue" raised by Bishop John T. Noll in regard to a crusade against Communism is altogether misleading. The reply to Bishop Noll positively declared that the Council was deeply sympathetic to all movements for "the protection of our Democratic liberties against Communism, Fascism, and other destructive tendencies".

When Mr. Varney quotes President Roosevelt as saying that he is "just as radical as the Federal Council" he distorts the picture. What the President did was to quote the Council, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis as standing on common ground. He coupled his quotation from the Council with one from an encyclical of Pope Pius.

Against Mr. Varney's unfair efforts to convey that the Federal Council is "Communitistic", it is sufficient to say that the position of the Council is expressed in *The Social Ideals of Churches*, which insists that for the Christian the profit motive must be secondary to serving the common good.

SAMUEL MCCREA CAVERT

*General Secretary, The Federal Council
of Churches of Christ in America
New York City.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Dr. Cavert's rejoinder covers no new ground, and a reference to my original article will show, I believe, that I have adequately answered there the points he raises.

Technically, the direction of the Council may be in the hands of the Executive Committee. But, actually, committees in an organization with so well-oiled a secretariat are seldom more than rubber stamps for policies pre-determined by the permanent

officers. The *Biennial Report* of the Council confirms this, for we find that in 1936 the Committee met only six times, less than half the members attending each meeting. Manifestly such an infrequently-functioning committee cannot acquaint itself with the far-flung work of the Council.

In my article, I showed that presidents were elected by a process of virtual appointment of successors by incumbents. Thus the nominating committee which selected the present president was appointed by his predecessor, and brought before the Council meeting the name of a single nominee. If this is "Democratic", Dr. Cavert and I use different dictionaries. That the re-election of the secretariat is little more than a gesture is shown by the tenure of present secretaries. Dr. Cavert himself has served for 17 years; Dr. Macfarland, including his Emeritus period, for 26 years; Dr. Gulick, active and Emeritus, for 24; Dr. Tippy, active and Emeritus for 21; Dr. Johnson for 20; and so on. Such heroic feats of longevity do not indicate a secretariat passively dependent on a masterful Executive Committee.

The quotation from Dr. Brown appears on page 31 of the 1936 *Biennial Report*. Anyone who consults this will find that the context in no sense contradicts the quotation.

As for the anti-Communist resolution, it is commendable, but it is not enough. An organization which passes resolutions against Communism, and then pursues policies which strengthen and encourage the specific efforts of individual Communists, is merely engaged in a deceptive circular gesture.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY

New York City.



DOGS

SIR: If it is not too late may I add a little to the dog controversy?

1) There are about ten million more dogs in this country than it needs. 2) About five millions of these are on more or less Relief (no joke, it costs many millions); these

animals should be chloroformed without delay. 3) For every dollar of dog value ten dollars of other value is used up. 4) Dogs hunt in and out of season and destroy more game themselves than is destroyed by man. 5) Senator Vest's effusion was more or less political, and he would have done quite as well on the opposite side if occasion offered. 6) Too bad we must demolish the lovely legends about the St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders, but it is doubtful if all the dogs in the world have saved five lives in a year, and they certainly have destroyed a hundred times as many as they have saved. 7) Zoophiles must have their dogs. (Kind to animals, mean to women.)

M. MARVAN

*Manchester,
Vermont.*



RADIO SOLUTION

SIR: I wonder why, in all these recent discussions in the Open Forum concerning the evils of children's radio programs, some bright mother or father doesn't conceive the idea of turning the radio off. There is no compulsion in the children's listening. They are still, I hope, young enough to be amenable to parental discipline, and I can't altogether appreciate the picture of distraught parents worrying about the effects of some blood-and-thunder melodrama, writing articles and letters to you on the subject, and letting the thing go on. I would suggest to them that there are places to walk, games to play, books to read aloud, tasks to be assigned, any number of distractions that can be substituted if said parents are unable to face the storm following a firm "No". Personally, I think the firm "No" should be enough.

(MRS.) HELEN B. RYDELL

*Rice Lake,
Wisconsin.*



POVERTY

SIR: May I express my whole-hearted endorsement of Ethel Ambler Hunter's, "We

Are Not Poor", in the September *MERCURY*? She has stated most effectively the tragic truth that, as a people, we have come to regard luxuries as necessities and honest thrift as stinginess. This implies no criticism of the higher standard of living which we are trying to have within the reach of all. Nor does it overlook the blessed — perhaps the truly saving — minority who, through no fault of their own, have had to be aided, but who have asked only for work. Some who have been given money outright in times of illness or other distress have insisted later, when they could afford it, upon repaying the whole amount "so someone else can have help now". Every social worker knows them and they should not be forgotten when we are generalizing — with justice — about those who fritter away pennies and dollars on self-indulgence and seem to think the government ought to pay the bills.

L. T. DAVIS

*Pasadena,
California.*

AND MERRY XMAS—

SIR: Here are Christmas Greetings, Model 1938:

Sing Ho! Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year!

Having Wonderful Time and I wish you were here!

The lark's on the wing, and the wolf's at the door,

And the Income-Tax people keep asking for more

(Which is painful at best . . . but I wouldn't much grudge it

If only they'd use it to balance the budget). The house has a mortgage, the dog's run

away,

And the cook took a job with the WPA.

The worm's i' th' bud, and the world's out of tune,

The car's repossessed, and there's blood on the moon.

Be you rich man or poor man or beggar or thief,

Here's the best I can wish — may you get on Relief!

JANET C. PRESTON

*Catonsville,
Maryland.*



IN BRIEF

Don't ever ask us our opinion of teachers of English in our public high schools. We get a certain type of letter from the pupils of these harridans, over and over again. Once and for all, for the edification of all pupils in all American high schools, we print herewith a typical letter and the answer to it which we wish we had time to write — but never do — in every case. The letter:

SIR: Our fourth-year English class is studying different types of magazines. I have been assigned digest and digest-size magazines; therefore, I'm studying *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. I am very interested in the magazine and would appreciate answers to the following questions:

1. How many copies of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* are published each month?

2. What is the purpose and policy of this magazine?

3. What is the actual cost of the publication of one copy?

4. How large is your regular staff?

5. What is the history of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*?

6. Do you accept contributions from writers? If so, how much is paid for an article?

7. What is the circulation of your magazine?

8. How long does it take to prepare a publication?

9. What is done with unsold magazines?

10. How are the magazines distributed?

11. What per cent of the sales are subscription sales?

12. Do you have contracts with "big-name" writers?

13. What kind of stock and type do you use for this magazine?

14. Do the publishers of this magazine publish other magazines?

15. Do you have plans for any changes in your magazine in the future?

16. Do you have regular writers?

I thank you for the information which I hope you will send me right away.

Your truly,

Miss _____,

_____,
California.

Our answer would run something like this: "DEAR MISS WHOOSIS — Kindly convey to the scatter-brained nincompoop who is your English teacher the following vital information: that the giving of such idiotic assignments to a class is definite testimony to the utter fallacy of public education; that tens of thousands of gullible students are forced by their moronic teachers every year to write tens of thousands of such letters to editors of magazines; that no editor, even if he desired to make public the practices of his business to a stranger, could conceivably have time to answer these tens of thousands of idiotic letters; that the principle of education, now in vogue in American public schools, of getting someone else to do all the student's work — especially in anything that involves research, as in this case — is one of the bright ideas of the modernist pedagogues which helps to create the perfect moron that the average high-school graduate is today; that we feel sympathetic toward the students who are thus imposed on, but that all we can do about it is advise them to pay no attention whatever to anything they are told by their teachers while in high school. In brief, tell your English teacher to go jump in the lake. Then find yourself a good book and curl up with it. Sincerely, THE EDITOR." But there will be ten more letters just like this one in tomorrow's mail. . . . J. H. Atkin-

son, of Ames, Iowa, wants an Academy of Civil Administration for all future holders of public office — something like West Point and Annapolis. No politicians would be allowed in the government. Now we'll tell one. . . . M. U. Leach, of Miami, Florida, Royal P. Jarvis, of El Oro, Mexico, and a large number of other correspondents write in to take THE MERCURY's part in the recent dispute with The American Civil Liberties Union. Many thanks. . . . From Hongkong, China, Hilaire du Berrier rather sarcastically berates Mr. Devoe for insinuating that our munition makers have encouraged the slaughter of the American Eagle. . . . F. F. Evans, of Winnipeg, Canada, noting Roosevelt's offer to come to the aid of Canada in case the latter country is threatened by invasion, writes us to remark that it would have been politer had the President waited until he was asked before rushing to Canada's aid. . . . "Chastity is a non-obtaining myth today, and not only on the campus", writes Alfred I. Simon, of Detroit, Michigan. We wouldn't know about that, Mr. S. Tucked away here as we are, in our editorial cloister, our interest in the subject is purely academic. . . . From Newport News, Virginia, A Reader reports that "we are sorry to say that it is our humble opinion that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the worst blight visited on America since her founding, not excepting the Civil War". So they tell us, so they tell us. . . . C. R. Slusser, of Denver, Colorado, wants "a man with a million-dollar brain" for President, and nominates Walter P. Chrysler. It *would* be interesting to have in the White House a man who had made a success of something besides clinging to the public teat, wouldn't it? . . . G. C. Coleman, of New Orleans, feels that a copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* should be presented to every American family, for "we need to rediscover our Democratic ideals". . . . Carl H. Ibershoff, of Saginaw, Michigan, admits he is a Roosevelt Copperhead. Well, you are in good company, Carl. . . . Our hobo friend,

Harold T. Moran, of San Francisco, writes in again to tell us that California spends more money on public education than any other State in the Union. He says: "We Californians are exceedingly school-conscious, because we have a sales tax of three per cent. This is the most excruciatingly painful form of taxation, because every time one purchases a pair of socks or a soda, one is reminded of wisdom." So you are the fellow who paid for the letter we publish at the head of this column? You had better stick to the road, bo. . . . Note to Fred G. Driggs, of Salt Lake City, and several hundred other correspondents: in this office we are no longer amused by the suggestion that Albert Jay Nock add an initial K to his last name. . . . George Clayburn Cross, age 16, writes: "I, an actual cog in the active intricate machine of youth, have not found the other cogs to be intellectual cowards, moral weaklings, spineless wretches, or any of the other vile names applied to them by aged degenerates who masquerade as authorities on youth's iniquity." You tell 'em, George. . . . We recently printed a note in our Americana Department indicating that a Mr. Fred Phillips of Reno, Nevada, had invited the Duke of Windsor to that City of Severances in case of need. Now Miss Annie L. Elmore, of Washington, D. C., informs us that she has also written the Duke, and received a nice acknowledgement from his secretary. Miss Elmore, however, made no suggestion that the royal couple would ever need Reno — just the reverse; she sent him a copy of the song she has written and dedicated to His Royal Highness. It is called "Always You". . . . Among the many excellent lists submitted in our Unpopularity Contest, we have space to mention only the following outstanding compilers: Elizabeth Barton, of Trenton, New Jersey; R. L. Larson, of Los Angeles; W. A. Foss, Orlando,

Florida; Mrs. Robert A. MacDonald, Los Angeles; A. H. Dwinell, Seattle; Harold Vaughan, New York; David H. Schmorjer, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania; J. T. Bruins, Boise, Idaho; L. A. Dunham, Loxley, Alabama; Phillip D. Bourland, Calumet, Michigan; Robert T. Milne, Hartford, Connecticut; C. A. Gardiner, Westport, Connecticut; W. Lowe, New York; Harry J. Huber, Modesto, California; and E. C. Watson, St. Petersburg, Florida; there were several hundred others. . . . Edward L. Casey, of Brooklyn, New York, sends us an interesting passage taken from *Caesar* written by James Anthony Froude in 1879. The passage is too long for us to quote in full, but some idea of the marked similarity of the United States today with the Rome of Caesar's time as viewed by Froude can be gained from the following brief excerpt: "The highest offices of state were open in theory to the meanest citizens; they were confined, in fact, to those who had the longest purses, or the most ready use of the tongue on popular platforms. Distinctions of birth had been exchanged for distinctions of wealth. The struggles between plebeians and patricians for equality of privilege were over, and a new division had been formed between the party of property and a party who desired a change in the structure of society". . . . What's this? The first letter in the afternoon mail? Yes, from the Bayamin High School, Bayamin, Puerto Rico. What does it say?

SIR: As a student of the magazine reading class, I am asking for information about the history of your magazine, AMERICAN MERCURY, interesting facts about the periodical, first editor, and the purpose of the magazine. Please send me this information as soon as possible. I thank you.

Very truly yours,

CARMELO DIAZ."

Good Lord, the thing is spreading abroad!



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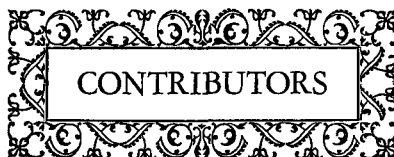
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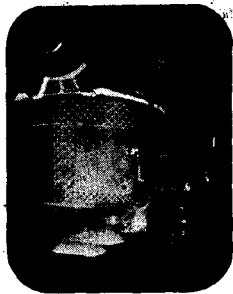
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JAMES ALBERTSON (*I Have Diabetes*) lives in Missouri. **ERNEST BOYD** (*The Muses Join the Picket Line*), born in Ireland, is the distinguished essayist, translator, and critic. **JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY** (*Compromising With Death*) is the author of the just-published *Patterns of Survival* (Macmillan). **J. L. BROWN** (*Picture Magazines and Morons*) practices law in New Jersey. **LAWRENCE DENNIS** (*The Class War Comes to America*), author and lecturer, contributes frequently to THE MERCURY. **HAVELOCK ELLIS** (*Sex Differences*) is the eminent English authority on sexology. **DELLA T. LUTES** (*Have You Ever Eaten Bread?*) lives in Cooperstown, New York. **ALAN MACDONALD** (*The Great Iroquois Fire*) is a well-known newspaperman who writes for various magazines. **J. P. McEVROY** (*Young Man Looking Backwards*) is the well-known author and journalist. **ALICE COWLES MORRIS** (*Regret*) is a teacher and assistant librarian in Norfolk, Virginia. **FLETCHER PRATT** (*U.S.A.: The Aggressor Nation*) has written many books and articles on historical and military subjects. **RUTH PURDY** (*Suburbia*) lives in Westchester County, New York. **CLARA ROEHM** (*In Parting*) is the librarian of the New York State Supreme Court Library. **NATHAN SCHACHNER** (*Do School-Books Tell the Truth?*) is the author of the recent *Medieval Universities* (Stokes). **UPTON SINCLAIR** (*A Message to Soviet Russia*) is the noted writer and politician. **JEROME WEIDMAN** (*Home by Midnight*) is the author of *What's In It for Me?* (Simon and Schuster).



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Once again Bethlehem Steel Company sets down five simple questions contrived to quiz your knowledge of steel, steel-makers and steel-making. No inside information on the subject is necessary, since the majority of the alternatives to the correct answer are taken from your general fund of facts.

Score 20 for each correct answer—40 is a good average, 60 should earn you the respect of all and sundry and, if you score 100, you may blandly let your astounded audience assume that the intricacies of steel manufacture are abecedarian to you.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Steel Quiz will be found on page x.

1. One of these cities is *not* a steel center.

- (a) Baltimore (c) Birmingham
(b) Buffalo (d) Indianapolis
(e) San Francisco

2. A Reinforcing Bar may sound like a place to get a refreshing drink after a day spent Christmas shopping, but it is really a long rod used by the

building trade for one of the following purposes:

- (a) *As an anchor between parallel brick walls to prevent bulging.*
(b) *Set between angles of a gable roof to relieve stress.*
(c) *To support a stairway and eliminate sagging.*
(d) *Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it.*

3. You may not realize how inexpensive standard grades of steel are. Actually, they cost less than half as much per pound as all but one of these:

- (a) aluminum (c) milk (e) shoes
(b) butter (d) book paper (f) cotton

4. While "work-hardness" has nothing to do with excessive labor, it is a term used to describe:

- (a) *The effect of exercise on the muscles of an overtrained athlete.*
(b) *A method of rapidly setting concrete.*
(c) *Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold working.*
(d) *Epidermal friction which results in callouses.*

5. What large steel producer has been making alloy steels longer than any other American company?

Answers to Bethlehem Steel Quiz

(See page ix)

1. (d) Indianapolis. Each of the other cities is an important steel producing center. Bethlehem Steel Company has plants at Lackawanna, just outside Buffalo and at South San Francisco. The largest Bethlehem Plant is at Sparrows Point in the outskirts of Baltimore. This is the only major steel plant in this country which is located on tidewater and from which shipments can be made both by rail and by ocean-going vessels.
2. (d) Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it, reinforcing bars are rolled with accurately-spaced deformations which increase the holding power of the bar and make for a more stable structure.
3. (c) Milk. Selling at 10 or 11 cents a quart, milk costs less than 6 cents per pound. The base price for steel averages approximately 3 cents per pound.
4. (c) Hardness developed in metal, resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold-working.
5. Bethlehem has been making fine alloy steels for more than fifty years.

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by WARD GREENE



*** indicate an outstanding performance,
** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***†† *Symphony No. 4, in E Minor, Op. 98, Brahms*: (Columbia, five 12-inch disks, \$7.50). Felix Weingartner, recording again with the London Symphony Orchestra, gives the phonograph its best version — emphatically — of a work hitherto absent from the Columbia repertory. Phrasing and accent particularly have the intelligent, sensitive, and scholarly devotion to a homogeneous interpretation that invariably characterizes this conductor's records. The straightforward recording has captured an improved orchestra's essence smoothly.

†† *Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, Op. 68, Brahms*: (Victor, five 12-inch disks, \$7.50). This is a bird of another, more brilliant, and (alas) tawdrier feather. The able but erratic Bruno Walter conducts the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in a personalized performance of showy and rather dismal irregularities. The recording is among the best this orchestra has made, and escapes the hall-echo so frequently detrimental to their disks.

VOCAL

***††† *Fidelio: Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?* leading to *Komm, o Hoffnung, Beethoven*: (Victor, one 12-inch disk, \$2.00). An admirable and needed disk, particularly excellent in its accompaniment by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, of Leonore's great aria sung by Kirsten Flagstad. The fine singer seems to be a little indifferent to the emotional requirements of the *scena*. However, Lotte Lehmann's old record was spoiled by so measly and ragged an orchestra that this version is infinitely preferable.

RECORDED MUSIC

INSTRUMENTAL

***†† *Spring and Kreutzer Sonatas for Piano and Violin, Beethoven:* (Decca, seven 12-inch disks, \$7.75). Attention ought to be called to records of such marked merit which have not been previously noticed here. Simon Goldberg (violin) and Lili Krauss (piano) are as persuasive a sonata team as any; and especially in the *Spring Sonata* (Op. 24) do the eloquent warm tone of the violin and the comprehensive nimble musicianship of the pair produce records of the first rank.

OPERATIC

*†† *Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti:* (Columbia, thirteen 12-inch disks, \$19.50). A journeyman performance, not recently recorded, of a fading opera important in phonographic history. Records of the Sextet from this once cost \$7.00 each; and those people bought them who later purchased mah jongg, retarding critical appreciation of the phonograph for a couple of decades. The interpreters of the present set are at home on records: Capsir, Venturini, Baccaloni, Molinari, members of the orchestra and chorus of La Scala, conducted by the capable Molajoli.

DANCE AND POPULAR

***†† *Memorial Album to George Gershwin:* (Victor, five 12-inch disks, \$7.50). Excerpts from *Porgy and Bess*, *Oh, Kay*, *Girl Crazy* etc., with half the *Rhapsody in Blue* and some miscellanies, very competently played and neatly recorded by Nathaniel Shilkret and a good band, with vocal interjections by Jane Froman and others.

Home and Stop the Moon, Stop the Sun (Bluebird, one 10-inch record, \$.35). A pair of early recordings by Mildred Bailey, recently re-issued on Bluebird. The Bailey voice is here a brighter and less earthy thing than it is now, but it is no less persuasive.

Serenade to a Shylock: (Commodore, one 12-inch record, \$1.25). An extraordinary recording which features such great jazz personalities as Jack Teagarden, Pee-Wee Russell, Jess Stacey, George Wettling, Bud Freeman, and Bobby Hackett.

—C. G. B.

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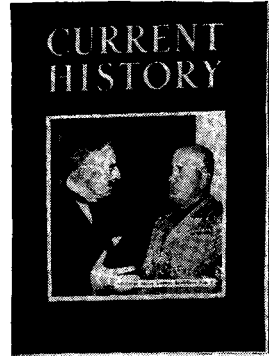


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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1st, 1938.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lawrence E. Spivak, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher*, The American Mercury, Inc., 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, Paul Palmer, Ridgefield, Connecticut; *General Manager*, Lawrence E. Spivak, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

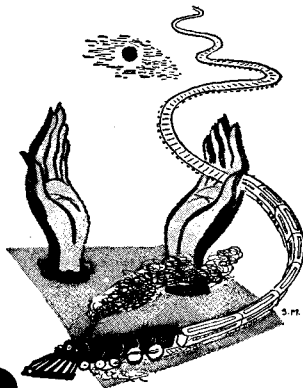
2. That the owner is: Paul Palmer, Ridgefield, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as a trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *General Manager*.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1938.
J. W. Ferman, *Notary Public*, Seal (My commission expires March 30, 1939)



Doubly Handy

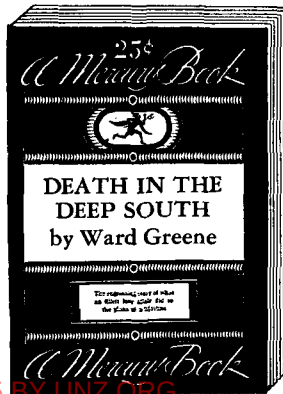
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